

THE ACADEMY

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE & ART

No. 1778

JUNE 2, 1906

PRICE THREEPENCE

Education

SHERBORNE SCHOOL.—An EXAMINATION for ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS, open to Boys under 15, will be held in June.—Further information can be obtained from the Rev. the HEAD-MASTER, School House, Sherborne, Dorset.

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THE LITERARY WEEK

ONE of many interesting questions opened by Mr. Quiller-Couch in his book of months, "From a Cornish Window," is that of the relation of the poet and man of letters to the State. It is especially interesting because Mr. Quiller-Couch holds his opinions not only strongly but clearly. Read "February," and see how he speaks of the spurious patriotism that says: "Be lustful, be vengeful, and play the game to win"; the spirit of bounce and grab that has too much defaced our literature since a greater poet than the braggarts took to singing of the Empire. With that spirit Mr. Quiller-Couch contrasts the Celtic spirit, which is occupied with the universal truth, not the "local success," and he quotes some beautiful verses by Mr. Herbert Trench.

But if you stop short at "February," you will not have got to the bottom of the matter. Turn on to "July," and you will find a brave protest against the notion that literature should feed upon itself, that the poet should hold aloof from the politics and the national life of his country. "Art for art's sake" is a cant phrase with which Mr. Quiller-Couch has no patience. It is "one of the joys of life to have outlived it." "An artist," runs his concluding sentence, "exists to serve his art, and his art to serve men and women." So that, whether you write wrongly of your country or hold aloof from her altogether, you equally incur Mr. Quiller-Couch's censure.

Few will doubt that his second contention is right (his first is obviously so). The divorce of literature from life is, as we have had occasion to point out before, the gravest danger that literature or life can incur. It is not, of course, that all poets should be Laureates, writing of anniversaries, royal *accouchements* and the events of the day; but that, unless a poet has a knowledge and a feeling of something that exists outside himself, and of himself as part of a great whole, he cannot write good poetry. To regard the world as a show placed in front of him to tickle his emotions and wits, is to become barren of power and effect. To realise the ever wider circles that surround him—the family, the state, humanity, the Infinite—is to be alive and active in every part, to be a whole man, and therefore a whole poet; to be enabled to create or to increase a spirit, a temper, an atmosphere in which other men and women can breathe deep and live fully.

Mr. Quiller-Couch's words on the universal in Celtic poetry are among many wise things to be found in a brave, amusing, varied and stimulating book. But the spirit is, happily, not confined to the Celts. In a little book or periodical, "For the Fellowship," Part ii., published privately by Mr. Henry Bryan Binns, we find the spirit expressed over and over again in verses that are full of the consciousness of "the circles," and reveal an attitude to life at once high-hearted and humble. Mr. Binns has

chosen to adopt the Whitmanic form for his thoughts, as a devout student and biographer of Whitman may be allowed to do. His matter has just the qualities which Whitman, to his great disadvantage, lacked.

The letters from our correspondents, Mr. Edmund F. Ludlow and Mr. Paterson, which will be found in another column, are interesting. When Canon Ainger produced *impromptu* in company a rhyme to "porringer," did he imagine he had invented it? Did he think that he had invented it? There is a third supposition that he did not pretend to have invented it, but merely produced it as quotation from a ballad which he knew, and the company did not. The narration of the story, so far as we remember, in Miss Sichel's *Life of Canon Ainger* does not state whether this was so or not. Supposing that he had never heard of the ballad, the episode shows in rather charming fashion two men, centuries apart, both struck by the same happy idea. Supposing he did once know the ballad and had forgotten it, it opens up all sorts of questions of psychology—memory conscious and unconscious—association of ideas and so forth. But instances of apparent plagiarism are so numerous (the Law Courts have seen one lately, in the matter of a play) that they cease to arouse wonders.

Lovers of mediæval England will be glad to hear that the necessary repairs have been taken in hand at Croyland Abbey, and will hope that all the money that is required will be speedily forthcoming. Croyland Abbey is no longer as Kingsley described it in "Hereward the Wake": "a vast range of high-peaked buildings, founded on piles of oak and alder driven into the fen, itself built almost of timber from the Brunesswold, barns, granaries, stables, workshops, strangers' hall fit for the boundless hospitality of Croyland . . . with the great minster towering up, a steep pile, half wood half stone, with narrow-headed windows and leaden roofs, and above all the great wooden tower from which on high days chimed out the melody of the seven famous bells, which had not their like in English land." To-day there is a ruined nave, a part of the central tower and of the magnificent west front, as well as the north aisle, which has been turned into a church. Tennyson has immortalised the beauties of the Wolds, but "Holland" lacks a sacred bard. And yet Tennyson, as a Cambridge man, was in debt to the Abbey. At the beginning of the twelfth century poverty made the Abbot send out begging monks, who began to lecture with such success to the people of Cambridge that in a short time there was not a barn or even a church in the town large enough to hold the hearers. This is supposed, not without reason, to have been the origin of Cambridge University.

The recent death of Mrs. Sarah Hines revives the memory of "Jack Sheppard," since she was the owner of the cottage on Dollis Hill, mentioned in that famous book. How few the relics of that time! Gone is the low wooden railing within which there stood the triple tree of Tyburn, and it is probable that a convent covers the place of execution. Gone, too, it is needless to say, is "the beautiful green lane" which the handsome young stranger followed as he went on horseback from Oxford Road to Willesden, and probably Ainsworth himself would have some difficulty in recognising Wych Street, where the woollen draper, Mr. Kneebone, lived.

A striking and original sight was witnessed in Venice on Thursday last, when the children—boys and girls alike—of the infant schools were gathered together to the number of three thousand five hundred to sing on the steps of the Church of the Salute. The idea of this form of chorus-singing in the open air sprang from the Maestro Wolf-Ferrari, the Director of the Musical Liceo in Venice, and was crowned with success. Under the shadow of the great church, which was built as a thankoffering for the

cessation of the plague in the seventeenth century, were ranged the boys and girls in holiday attire; the girls being all massed against the building, the boys being placed beneath them. The scene was wonderfully beautiful. The hour chosen was 6 P.M., when the sun was sloping to the west, and every dome, tower and steeple was touched and gilded with his departing rays: while on the square of the Salute the little figures of the children formed vivid patches of colour against the grey walls of stone which formed the background.

The youthful choristers, who sang in unison, were accompanied by the town band, and the hymn of four verses which they sang was a thanksgiving to the Father of Heaven, who maketh His sun to rise, His rain to fall on all alike in lavish, full abundance. The words were written for the occasion by Signora Maria Pezzè-Pascolato, whose elegy on the fall of the Campanile in 1902 has stamped her as one of modern Italy's real poets, and the music was an adaptation of an old Sicilian sea-song. The hymn was admirably rendered; the blending of the voices was first-rate, while the attention given to time, tune, light and shade was as good as could be desired.

The scene above and around the Church was extraordinary, and such as can only be had in Venice. Balconies, roofs and pinnacles were all turned to account, some of the positions looking horribly dangerous, and making many a safer-placed spectator shudder. On the Grand Canal all traffic was stopped, and boats, barges and gondolas were wedged together in such close proximity as to offer an easy passage to any one who chose to step from boat to boat over the hidden waters of Venice's chief highway. The success of this open-air concert reflects the greatest credit on all concerned, and will, we trust, be repeated as often as possible.

Colonel Newcome, Mr. Tree's new part in the play of that name which was produced at His Majesty's Theatre on Friday, does not give that eminent actor the same chances as *Oliver Twist* did. Indeed, for the first two acts, we see very little of the Colonel, and what we do see is comparatively unimportant. It is not until the later scenes, when the Colonel is old and broken, that Mr. Tree's peculiar gifts of character-acting find their field, and then, it is needless to say, he makes full use of them. The third act shows him in Clive's lodging (little Rosey has already been killed off in an interval) suffering under the lash of the old Campaigner's tongue, and being cheerful and patient by an effort, proud and hopeful and very pathetic; and the last act shows his death (the author of the play makes him die in the courtyard at Greyfriars, and die alone) with the famous "Adsum!" on his lips.

There has been a good deal of feeling and of judgment before the event paraded over this play—with the natural result that the "first night" on Tuesday was something of a demonstration in Mr. Tree's favour. "I feel," he said in his speech on the fall of the curtain, "that we have won"—words in themselves sufficient to show the temper of the occasion. Mr. Tree and Mr. Michael Morton, the adapter, have "won," we believe, in the sense that they have secured a popular success. The reputation of Thackeray as a novelist, which has been dragged into the discussion, does not matter, for the simple reason that it must remain above and beyond any effects induced by adapters of his novels into plays. The reputation of Mr. Michael Morton, the brave man who attacked the Herculean task of turning such a novel as "The Newcomes" into something so utterly different as a play, is in the hands of those who see his work.

The St. James's Amateur Dramatic Club, to whose performances we have referred before, produced on

Wednesday of last week that very dismal drama, *One Summer's Day*. The choice was not a happy one: though it is interesting to witness a play which concentrates into one focus the vulgarity and stupidity and unreality of the average English Drama. To be quite frank, these ambitious and clever young ladies and gentlemen (to their credit be it said) seem more at home with Shakespeare than with Mr. H. V. Esmond. They were ill at ease and oppressed by the witless dialogue and their oppression was contagious. Mr. George Hayes and Mr. Denney Bower however acted with great spirit and Mr. Henry Welti is a recruit who promises very well. As the sulky gypsy Seth he was beyond all praise. Mr. F. Stanley Smith has been seen to greater advantage in romantic plays, not only here but at other dramatic clubs. He can simulate the lover in blank verse with greater ease than in prose: though in fairness it must be said his protagonist was not very encouraging. Miss Kathleen Fearnhead alone among the ladies got the better of her part, and Miss Rooker was a worthy successor to Miss Constance Collier, who created the melodramatic Chiara.

All bibliophiles are excited over the sale of pre-Shakespearean plays which is to take place at Messrs. Sotheby's on June 30. In "the library of a gentleman in Ireland" (we can get no more exact details) there have been discovered seventeen plays all printed between 1660 and 1680. No play hitherto unknown to scholars has been found, but in one or two cases the particular edition now brought to light has no fellow. So that the event will not add materially to our knowledge of those first efforts of the English drama which filled the years before the coming of Marlowe and the great Elizabethan outburst.

Those were interesting years to the student of the drama. The Miracles had died down, the Moralities turned harsh and crabbed. There was life in the Interludes, as they were called, which Thomas Heywood introduced in the reign of Henry VIII., little dramatic (not very dramatic according to our notions) pieces that could be acted in the halls of Colleges and Inns after dinner. And then, too, there was the classical influence, which was beginning to be felt, and the plays on classical lines which some few writers tried to introduce. When Nicholas Udall wrote his "comedy" of *Ralph Roister Doister*, he called it a comedy not because it was funny (Mr. Alfred Pollard has with greater justice in a different sense called *The Play of Mak* in the *Mysteries* our first English comedy), but because it was modelled on the lines of the *comœdia* of Plautus; and in that deplorably dull work, *Gorboduc* or *Ferrex and Porrex*, our first English tragedy, the classical influence is clear. It was not along those lines that our drama was to develop. We owe something to the sense of form and action which these experimenters introduced; we owe far more to the native stuff of Heywood. The ebb and flow of classicalism can be traced all through our literature; but the turn of the tide was never so striking as in the days of the great Elizabethan drama.

Messrs. Sotheby will on Wednesday, June 6, and three following days sell a large number of books from the libraries of the late Mr. Edward Viles, Haverstock Hill, the late Harrison Weir and the late Frederick Burbidge, and other properties. Amongst the most notable are an Ackerman's History of the University of Cambridge, an edition of Burns's Poetical Works (1822) which had belonged to Colonel Burns (one of the poet's sons) and has his signature on the second volume, Keats's *Lamia* (first edition), first editions of many old novels illustrated by H. K. Browne, Turner, Alken, Heath, Rowlandson, Thackeray and others. An interesting feature of the sale is a large number of original drawings and sketches by Harrison Weir.

We have received from Professor William Knight the report of the annual meeting of the Dove Cottage, Grasmere (Wordsworth), National Trust, held last Monday. All goes well with the Trust. The number of visitors for the year ending May 1 last was ninety-five more than in any previous year, and the Trustees are able to increase the invested Capital Fund. During the year past the Trust has lost two valued members, Mr. George Lillie Craik (of Messrs. Macmillan's), who was one of its original members and its secretary, and Mr. C. E. Mathews, also an original member of the Board. Their places have been taken on the Board by Canon Beeching and Mr. George Walter Prothero, and Mr. Etherington Smith becomes Honorary Secretary.

The methods of choosing books in the average provincial public library do not seem to be entirely satisfactory. Failing the official lists, which are sometimes insufficient and sometimes out of date, library authorities must rely upon the reviews in trustworthy periodicals, and upon personal inspection of books. Reviews are of some assistance, but not to the extent that many people believe.

A good review does not always clearly and fully describe a book's subject, but will confine its remarks to a controversial point of great interest to specialists, but not very comprehensible to the book-selector. What the reviewer seeks is new information, fresh arguments. The book-selector wishes to know whether a book is elementary, or very technical, or popular, or advanced, or for specialists, or whether it is illustrated with maps, diagrams or engravings; in the case of every book he meets with he must ask himself whether he has readers for it, or whether he can get readers for it; and the reviews as a rule do not help him to answer the questions. Moreover, the leading journals have not the space to review many books of considerable value to libraries, especially manuals and technical works of all kinds.

Except in the case of libraries near the great centres, personal inspection of books is out of the question, because publishers and booksellers will not send out books on sale or return. The public librarian, then, must make his selection in the best way he can; the result is what might be expected. In many small provincial libraries will be found, not well-knit, and workmanlike collections of books, but what bookmen know as "job-lots"—odds and ends of literature, thrown together without system and without knowledge. Library authorities are not to blame. Circumstances are too strong for them. But they might combine to publish a monthly periodical list giving pithy descriptions of the publications most likely to be useful to municipal libraries, especially to provincial libraries. The large libraries ought to take the lead in assisting the smaller to solve this extremely important question.

Mr. Gerald Massey, hailed by Walter Savage Landor, fifty years ago, as "a new Keats," and of whom Matthew Arnold did not consider Tennyson, "except for the first moment of publication, a serious rival," entered his seventy-ninth year on Tuesday. Mr. Massey's "Ballad of Babe Christabel" created great interest on its publication in 1854; and Hugh Miller's estimate of the poet's "Craig-crook Castle" has an enhanced interest from the circumstance that it was the last literary criticism that came from his pen. "With all his marked individuality of genius," wrote Miller in the *Witness*, "Gerald Massey reminds us more of Keats than of any other English poet; but with the same rare perception of external beauty he adds a lyrical power and a depth of feeling which Keats did not possess. He has but to give his intellect as full scope as his fancy and imagination, and to bestow on his powers that elaboration and care which high excellence demands from even the happiest geniuses, in order to become one of the enduring lights of British literature."

The following are among forthcoming events:

Royal Institution.—On Tuesday next (June 5) at five o'clock, Colonel V. Balck concludes his course of two lectures on "Northern Winter Sports; Sweden and its People." On Thursday next (June 7) at five o'clock Professor William J. Sollas concludes his course of three lectures on "Mars and the Glacial Period"; and on Saturday next (June 2) at three o'clock Professor W. Macneile Dixon lectures on "Inspiration in Poetry." At the Friday evening meeting on June 8 at nine o'clock Professor Sir James Dewar lectures on "Studies on Charcoal and Liquid Air." These are the final lectures of the season.

Anglo-Russian Literary Society, Imperial Institute, S.W.—On Tuesday June 5, at 3 P.M., Mr. John Pollen will read a paper on "Russian Proverbs."

Linnean Society of London.—Evening meeting, Thursday, June 7, at 8 P.M., when the following Papers will be read; On two new species of *Populus* from Darjeeling, by Mr. H. H. Haines, F.L.S., etc.; Biscayan Plankton, Part VIII. The Cephalopoda, by Mr. W. E. Hoyle, M.A., etc.; Part IX. The Medusae, by Mr. E. T. Browne, F.Z.S., etc.

London County Council.—Exhibition of pictures for school decoration, to be held at the Council's Central School of Arts and Crafts, 316 Regent Street, W. The Exhibition will be open from 4 to 10 P.M., from Monday, June 11, to Saturday, June 16, inclusive. The pictures, which are German coloured lithographs, have been placed on the Council's requisition list as being of a less conventional character than many of the black and white plates hitherto supplied to public elementary schools. The lithographs are the outcome of an art movement in Germany, which has for its objects the closer and less artificial connection with nature, and the improvement of technique in the reproduction of colour. They are examples of the work of living German artists. The originals have been specially painted with a view to their reproduction in colours and every stone requisite to their reproduction has been prepared by the artist himself. The Council, through the medium of this exhibition, hopes to encourage the production of a series of pictures of this kind of a distinctly English character.

Messrs. Puttick and Simpson.—Friday, June 1, at one o'clock. Sale of china, jewellery, miniatures, enamels, silver, Sheffield plate, furniture and early engraved seals.

Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge.—Wednesday, June 6, to Saturday, June 9, inclusive. Sale of the libraries of the late Edward Viles, Harrison Weir and Frederick W. Burbidge.

LITERATURE

A BUCK OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

Buck Whaley's Memoirs. Including his journey to Jerusalem. Edited with introduction and notes by Sir EDWARD SULLIVAN, Bart. (Moring, 21s. net.)

THIS is an extraordinary book, and the manuscript, as was befitting, has had a remarkable history. It is known to have been in existence since 1800, the year in which Thomas Whaley, or Buck Whaley as he was generally called, died. He had evidently proposed to publish it during his life-time, because certain arrangements were made towards doing so by subscription, but perhaps the publishers of that time were not sufficiently enterprising. At any rate, for more than a hundred years it has been knocking about, until Sir Edward Sullivan, who figures as its editor, attracted by the beautiful Irish binding, picked it up in a London auction room. It consisted of two handsome quarto volumes bound in red morocco, inlaid and tooled in gold, and lettered on the back: "Travels by T. W." The book, however, scarcely does justice to the author. Buck, or Jerusalem Whaley, was born on December 15, 1766. He was the son of a man of considerable property, and in his early days seems to have had more money than he knew what to do with. There is a memorial of his father existing in the shape of a cheque which he once drew on La Touche's bank in favour of his wife, probably, as the editor says, the only example of such a document ever written in rhyme.

Mr. La Touche,
Open your porch,
And give unto my darling
Five hundred pounds sterling;
For which this will be your bailey,
Signed, Richard Chape Whaley.

Young Whaley, upon his father's death, became entitled to estates worth £7000 a year together with £60,000 in cash. At the age of sixteen he was sent to France to complete his education, with an allowance of £900 a year, surely as unwise a proceeding as could have

been thought of. He ran riot in France for some time and then returned to Dublin, the Dublin of which Burns at that very time was writing:

As sure's the deil's in hell,
Or Dublin City.

It was the day of the Bucks and the Hell-Fire Club, a day of gambling and violence, of luxury and immorality, of drink and love of devilry in general; and the young Buck Whaley seems to have entered into it with all the zest of youth and irresponsibility. The journey to Jerusalem, which earned him his nick-name of Jerusalem Whaley, was undertaken on account of a wager. He was at dinner one day at the Duke of Leinster's when some one asked where he was going to next. Without a moment's hesitation he answered: "Jerusalem." Some of those present were sceptical as to the existence of such a place, and all of them expressed doubts of his ever getting there. Whereupon Whaley "offered to bet any sum" that he would go to Jerusalem and return within two years from his departure. The bets he made on the result amounted to fifteen thousand pounds, which he won. The expenses of the expedition had been eight thousand pounds, so that he was seven thousand pounds to the good, "the only instance," he says, "in all my life before in which any of my projects turned out to my advantage." A spendthrift, a gambler, and a *roué*, he lived a life full of adventure, and the extent to which gambling went in those days may be inferred from the fact that George IV., when Prince of Wales, met Whaley at the gaming-table and the commoner

not only relieved his princely opponent of vast sums of cash, but in the end succeeded by a *grand coup* in annexing a Favorite of His Royal Highness, whom her ungallant protector had in a moment of desperation staked as his only marketable asset.

These were times in which men and women staked not only their money, but their lands and even their honour. All this is told in a long and most interesting preface. The book itself reads in part like a piece of realism by Defoe, in parts like so many chapters out of a picaresque novel. Those passages which are most instructive as to the manners of the time are the least quotable. Such is the adventure with the Princess Rohan. Mr. Whaley seems to have been as susceptible to the influence of petticoats as to that of the gaming-table, and some very singular intrigues are narrated in the early part of the book. The following is a fair example of the kind of thing that the reader will find in these pages:

They had taken care to provide a handsome company of female beauties who, by their persuasion and example induced me to sacrifice so liberally to Bacchus at dinner, that before the dessert was introduced the glasses seemed to dance before me. Nothing would then satisfy them, but we must drink champagne out of pint rummers, which soon completed the business.

When I was in a proper state for them to begin their operations, they one and all proposed playing at hiding the horse. I was in no condition to refuse anything, and soon acceded to their proposal, and without being scarcely conscious that I was engaged in it, I lost fourteen thousand eight hundred pounds on my parole, exclusive of my ready money, carriage, jewels, etc. I know not why they even stopped here; for I was in such a state that they might have stripped me of my whole fortune. I cannot, however, feel myself much indebted for this instance of their forbearance. They contented themselves for the present with a bill for the amount, which I drew on La Touche's Bank, and [I] then went to bed in a state of torpid insensibility.

According to his own account, if he had been a millionaire he would have gone through his capital. How his money went will be shown from the following passage:

This Mr. P.—gave me letters of credit on all the principal towns which I visited. I drew on him from all parts of France, and whenever I owed him £2000 he sent me two bills of exchange, as first and second, on my banker at Dublin, of the same amount for me to sign, which I always did without hesitation. But when I came afterwards to settle with my agent at home, I found that many of these bills had been paid twice over. This vile negotiator had drawn them in such a manner as to make them appear of different tenour and dates. All my attempts to rectify this mistake and recover the money have hitherto been fruitless; for whenever I wished him to confront my checks with his letters of exchange, he always found some pretence or other to prevent the investigation. I have reproached him in his

own house with the infamy of his conduct; and this I have done at a time when it was so dangerous to have any difference with a man who was flourishing under the reign of Robespierre. I can assert with truth and upon my honour, that I do not think I have been defrauded of less than ten thousand pounds in this manner. So much for the honesty of a foreign banker.

Buck Whaley does not suffer from the vice of too much reticence and appears to have been as innocent of shame as were our first parents who ate the forbidden fruit. After returning to Dublin he declares that the quiet life there did not suit him.

I sent over to London for a female companion, with whom I had been intimate, and who immediately accepted the invitation. I had no motive whatever in giving her the preference but that she was an exotic. My inamorata was neither distinguished for wit or beauty; but I will do her the justice to say that she had none of that rapacity and extravagance so common with the generality of her profession. What I expended on her account was from my own free will and suggestion. I hired her a magnificent house, suitably furnished, and settled an allowance of five hundred a year on her; this was merely *pro forma*, for she cost me upwards of five thousand. At her house I kept my midnight orgies, and saw my friends, according to the fashionable acceptance of the word.

This, too, proved a life much too quiet for him, and he thought of performing, like Cook, a voyage round the world. No sooner did the idea suggest itself to his mind than he flew off to Plymouth with his female companion at his side, in order to purchase a vessel of two hundred and eighty tons burthen and to carry twenty-two guns. He eventually ordered a builder to construct one of this description for ten thousand pounds. This was the state of affairs when the Jerusalem idea was suggested in the manner which has already been described. He intended to have taken the lady with him.

But the inconveniences of a female companion in traversing so much sea and land were pointed out to me in such a manner as induced me to give up that part of my scheme; and I accordingly left her in London on an allowance of two hundred a year, which was regularly paid her till all my property was sold.

The travels form the least interesting part of the story, although those who have gone over the same route since will find it of great interest to compare those places in Asia Minor as they were in the latter part of the eighteenth century with their condition to-day. At the end of his career his fortunes were broken. In his destitution he was forced to take lodging in the neighbourhood of Moorfields, and the account of his life there might almost have been drawn *verbatim* from one of the eighteenth-century novels. He could not stir out except on Sunday, and he had only one faithful servant in addition to one of his lodging companions, who never seemed to be far away from him. In the end a waiter at Brooks's, to whom he was indebted for four hundred pounds, served a writ on him and, in spite of his sword and pistol coupled with the efforts of his landlord and servant, he was surrounded by twenty constables and taken.

But my companion, who was at that time very ill, entreated me not to hazard my life in opposing so many, who could not fail to overpower me in the end. Her entreaties, and a conviction in my own mind that resistance would be in vain, induced me at length to surrender; upon which I was instantly conveyed to the Bridewell, a prison solely designed for thieves and murderers.

My female friend intended to accompany me, but was refused admittance; and I was thrust into a common room, amidst wretched criminals of all descriptions. I represented to the jailor that I was not committed on a charge of any crime, and that I was a gentleman. "That may be," said the jailor: "but here we make no distinction but according to the money a man can afford to spend. I have excellent champagne and claret, and if you choose to call for either, I can accommodate you with one of my own apartments." I acceded to the proposal and was shown into a room, which, immediately upon my entrance, suggested an idea of my being able to effect my escape.

He plied his jailor with champagne and would have managed to get away if it had not been for the jailor's daughter, "a stout athletic wench," who seized him and carried him off to the common room, where he would have been very roughly handled but for the accident of his possessing ten guineas, with which he appeased the crew that had assembled. He died at a very early age, but, as will be apparent from the last sentences in the book, with a certain odour of sanctity about him.

AN ANTHROPOLOGIST ON THE MORAL JUDGMENT

The Origin and Development of Moral Ideas. By EDWARD WESTERMARCK, PH.D. In 2 vols. Vol. i. (Macmillan, 14s. net.)

WE are all for natural history in these days. And, in the general rush for "origins," it is right and proper that moral concepts should get their share of attention. Indeed, they are in no danger of missing it. What with Psychology, Biology and Anthropology, Moral Philosophy is in a fair way to suffer rather from over-attention than from neglect. She has grown somewhat flustered of late, apologetic, and uncertain of her own identity. She would be none the worse now for a short breathing-space in which to "find herself" once more.

To the Anthropological side of these latter-day moral investigations Dr. Westermarck's new book is a valuable contribution. The title of the work—"The Origin and Development of Moral Ideas"—is certainly no small one. But then neither is Dr. Westermarck a small man. He has established his position already in the front rank of living anthropologists. Few books on any anthropological subject have been so widely read, and so generally appreciated, as his earlier work, "History of Human Marriage." We have come to expect that anything from his pen will be both learned and interesting. And this new book of his does not disappoint us.

No one can question the learning. The width of research which the purely anthropological part of the work reveals is amazing. The lay mind may, indeed, stagger under the weight of detail; but as a storehouse of information with regard to the history of the attitude of the human race towards certain universal problems of conduct Dr. Westermarck's book will be invaluable.

Nor, indeed, is the interest of the book less considerable than the learning. Whatever else may be said of the comparative study of moral ideas, it may at least be claimed for it that it is a catholic and a "humane" study. It must "come home" to all of us. This native interest of the subject has not suffered at the hand of Dr. Westermarck. His book remains, at the end of any possible criticism of detail or of any possible divergence of opinion as to the conclusions to which the facts in one case or another may point, essentially interesting. There are, indeed, few dull pages: and in a book of more than seven hundred pages this is no slight thing to say.

The book divides itself into two main parts. The first of these, comprising chapters i. to xiv., approaches the subject from the more purely philosophical side, dealing with the question of the origin and nature of Moral Judgment as such. It concerns itself first with the psychology of that judgment, of which it finds the explanation in certain so-called "Moral" emotions which precede it. It then proceeds to the discussion of some of the problems connected with the nature of Moral Judgments—the formative influence, *e.g.*, of custom; the question how far moral judgments relate to anything except the Will; the extent to which intellectual competence is a necessary condition of moral responsibility; the importance, from the point of view of moral theory, of determinism. These, it will be seen, are large questions, which involve neither more nor less than a complete moral philosophy.

The second part of the book, which begins with the fifteenth chapter, and is apparently to be carried through the second volume, is of a more purely anthropological character. It gives us the history of the content of the moral consciousness of mankind in relation to certain recognised problems of conduct: what men have thought at different times, and in different countries, about sacrifice, about murder, about slavery, about charity, and so on.

Dr. Westermarck would, perhaps, have done better to have kept these two subjects—*viz.*, the history of actual moral judgments and the analysis of the moral judgment as such—for separate books. Interesting as is the

philosophical discussion at the beginning of the present volume, it is still in a sense out of place. It is too full to be a mere introduction; and it is hardly full enough to be an adequate treatment, on their own merits, of the problems involved.

The thesis which Dr. Westermarck is at pains to develop is the thesis that "moral concepts are ultimately based on emotions, either of indignation or approval." "Whilst not affirming the actual existence of any specific emotion in the mind of the person judging or of anybody else, the predicate of a moral judgment attributes to the subject a tendency to arouse an emotion" (p. 4).

We do not feel sure that there is not here, and elsewhere in Dr. Westermarck's discussion, some confusion between the conditions under which judgments of a certain type emerge, and the content of those judgments when they have emerged.

Few people would be disposed to deny that what Dr. Westermarck calls "moral emotions" precede moral judgments, in the history of the race as of the individual. In emotion much, no doubt, is present implicitly which only becomes explicit in the judgment. We should most of us go with Dr. Westermarck so far; and should feel, further, that anthropology may have much to teach us of those stages in man's growth at which his life and conduct are controlled more by the implicit forces of emotion than by explicit judgments. To admit this, however, is not at all to admit that in the judgment itself nothing more is made explicit than the bare fact of an emotion, or even of a tendency to excite an emotion. Most of us would feel that in a moral judgment we are predicating—or claiming to predicate, and that comes to the same thing—a positive quality, which, while it does unquestionably tend to arouse an emotion of approval or disapproval, is nevertheless not itself merely such a tendency. Suppose, however, that we allow, for the moment, to Dr. Westermarck his formal account of moral judgments as those in which the predicate attributes to the subject a tendency to arouse a moral emotion—there remains the question, an emotion in whom? It can hardly be said that Dr. Westermarck has given a clear and consistent answer to this question. It is perfectly true that he says (p. 105): "Even he who fully sees their limitations," *i.e.*, the limitations of moral judgments,

must admit that when he pronounces an act to be good or bad, he gives expression to something more than a personal opinion, that his judgment has reference not only to his own feelings, but to the feelings of others as well.

This, no doubt, represents Dr. Westermarck's most common view. But he can be just as explicit, in a very different direction, elsewhere. What, for instance, are we to make of the following statement (p. 17)?

If I say that it is wrong to resist evil, and yet resistance to evil has no tendency to call forth in me an emotion of moral disapproval, then my judgment is false.

The criterion of the truth or falsity of a moral judgment is found in the emotions, not of "other persons," but of the person judging. If stealing does not tend to arouse a feeling of disapproval in me, then my judgment, "stealing is wrong," is untrue; in other words, stealing is not wrong. This is subjectivism pure and simple. Dr. Westermarck, while he has no objection to the name, still regards his own "Ethical Subjectivism" as different from any of the ordinary forms of that doctrine. How different?

One answer to this question is apparently given on p. 19:

Ethical Subjectivism does not allow everybody to follow his own inclinations; nor does it lend sanction to arbitrariness and caprice. Our moral consciousness belongs to our mental constitution, which we cannot change as we please. *We approve and we disapprove because we cannot do otherwise.* Can we help feeling pain when the fire burns us? Can we help sympathising with our friends?

If these words mean what they say, then in the judgment of Dr. Westermarck, the differentia of "Ethical

Subjectivism"—that, at any rate, which distinguishes it from the subjectivism of the Sophists (p. 19)—is to be found in the inevitableness of the emotions of approval or disapproval. But this is no differentia. It makes not a particle of difference either to the position of "the Sophist" or to "that beautiful modern Sophism which admits every man's conscience to be an infallible guide" (p. 19). It leaves us still with the individual judgment—or rather with the individual emotion—as the sole criterion of what is right or wrong.

And yet Dr. Westermarck himself does not really mean this. On the very same page he tells us that we "do not and cannot recognise as right everything which is held to be right by anybody, savage or Christian, criminal or saint." That is eminently reassuring. But what becomes of the Subjectivism? And what is now the criterion? How am I, for instance, to know whether, in approving a given course of action, I am, for this purpose, a criminal or a saint? And what becomes of the statement that, if I make the judgment: "X is wrong," my judgment is true only if the idea of X tends to arouse an emotion of disapproval in me?

The fact is, that Dr. Westermarck can hardly be said to have given us a consistent theory of the basis of morality. He clings to the name of Subjectivism: and he talks, at least at times, the language of Subjectivism: but his actual doctrine would seem, if we may judge of it by its most usual presentment, to be something quite different.

It is true that he regards the objectivity of moral judgments as a "chimera" (p. 17), and denies that there are any "general moral truths." It is true also that no act is wrong, in his theory, because of any quality inherent in the act, but solely for the external reason that it is disapproved of. But the disapproval which constitutes the act a wrong one is, Dr. Westermarck would seem most commonly to maintain, a social disapproval: and, certain passages notwithstanding, the standard of rightness would seem to be, not the individual as such, but the sane and civilised individual, in whom the common sentiment of his society finds expression. This is something other than what we mostly mean by Subjectivism.

While, however, the general philosophical discussion which opens Dr. Westermarck's book seems to us to some extent wanting in clearness and consistency, we find there much that is suggestive and interesting. It cannot at the same time be denied that Dr. Westermarck is inclined to assign an exaggerated value to his derivation of moral judgments from moral emotions. Thus on p. 314 we find him asking the "important question" why it is that a moral judgment is essentially passed on a character or will. "The explanation," says Dr. Westermarck, "is not far to seek." It is because moral judgments have their origin in moral (*i.e.*, retributive) emotions.

Now, without in the least questioning the emotional antecedents of moral judgments, we may well object to this so-called explanation that it really explains nothing at all. It is, to say the least, no easier to see why moral emotions should be directed only against a will than it is to see why moral judgments should be so. Indeed, while we never find a moral judgment passed on anything except a will, we do as a matter of fact find moral emotions directed, at least momentarily, against inanimate things. The emotion passes, no doubt, with reflection: but that is because in the reflection it has ceased to be a mere emotion, and has become an emotion *plus* a judgment. There is no reason why we should find difficulty in the fact that moral judgments are passed on wills rather than on acts. But if we did find this difficulty, we should certainly get no nearer a solution of it by carrying the judgment back to an emotion. Dr. Westermarck, discussing in this connection the case of anger against an inanimate object, remarks that the anger ceases when we reflect that the thing in question is "incapable of feeling pain" (p. 315). This surely is singularly unconvincing. If I hurt my foot against a chair, my anger against the chair passes when I remind

myself, not that the chair is incapable of *feeling*, but that it is incapable of *willing*. If the chair willed my hurt, I should continue to feel resentment long after I had realised that I could not satisfy my resentment by hurting in return. The emphasis which Dr. Westermarck lays on the connection between moral judgments, as judgments on character, and the sensitive nature of the agents on whom we pass those judgments, is as unexpected as it is unnecessary. Moral emotions, he tells us, give rise to judgments on human character because those emotions are directed against sensitive agents (p. 310). To us it seems that the fact that the agent feels is, by the side of the fact that he wills, so comparatively unimportant as to be, in this connection, almost irrelevant.

On the other hand, we should agree with Dr. Westermarck that moral valuation is consistent with determinism. We should hold, indeed, that the problem of free will deserves a more exhaustive treatment than it has received at his hands; and there are points in his discussion which we should be tempted to challenge. We do not, for instance, feel satisfied that he has done justice to Schopenhauer's theory of the will and character.

Though Schopenhauer [he says] be mistaken in his statement that a person's character always remains the same, it seems to me indisputable that the succeeding changes to which it may be subject are imputable to him also in so far as they are caused by his innate character.

Now, in the theory of Schopenhauer, and, indeed, in any consistent determinism, all "changes" in the character (not some only, but all) are the result of the reaction of the character upon an environment which influences it. They are, therefore, in one sense, no changes at all, but only successive revelations of what was in the character implicitly from the beginning: and it becomes misleading to talk, as Dr. Westermarck does, of a self which is "partly innate and partly the product of external circumstances." Or, at least, this is the language of a less consistent and penetrating determinism than that of Schopenhauer.

With his general conclusion, however, that an agent who wills is morally responsible—*i.e.*, is a fit subject of praise or blame—whatever the history of that will may be, we find ourselves in complete agreement.

We have drawn attention to a few points in which Dr. Westermarck has seemed to us unconvincing. We have intended this only as the criticism which makes appreciation significant. And for the book as a whole—for its learning, its open-mindedness, its catholicity of interest—we have the warmest appreciation. We shall look forward with interest to the appearance of the second volume.

ENGLISH PROSODY

A History of English Prosody from the Twelfth Century to the Present Day. By GEORGE SAINTSBURY, Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature in the University of Edinburgh. Vol. i.: From the Origins to Spenser. (Macmillan, 10s. net.)

THE appearance of this volume is of good augury in respect of the study of literature in England. It is a careful attempt, based upon an exhaustive examination of the whole of the available material, to do for English Literature what has never yet been done in any systematic or co-ordinate fashion. When the three volumes of which the work is to consist are published, a blank in the history of our literature will have been filled. Few people more competent than Professor Saintsbury could have been found for the task. He has the commendable habit of reading widely over, about and concerning his subject before he sits down to write about it. It is a non-professorial habit which has stuck to him from the days when he wrote as a journalist; and the publication of the present work, following closely upon his scholarly "History of Criticism," is a sufficient answer to those who

shook their heads in academic doubt when a journalist took the Chair at Edinburgh.

That the work will bring peace in the "fair field full of fighting folk" whereon modern scholars of Prosody "clang battleaxe and clash brand," is not to be hoped; rather will it bring a sword, for the central idea of the book runs counter to many widely-received and much-debated theories. We have no desire to enter upon the field, and will content ourselves with saying that, after a careful study of the book, after checking it again and again in the light of opposing views, we have little hesitation in stating that Professor Saintsbury has set the history of English Prosody upon a firm basis, largely because he has remembered "that the Rule comes from the Work, not the Work from the Rule," and because he has been wise enough to take his examples from amongst the experimenters in novelty just as readily as from the writings of the great. The many minor poets are of as much importance in the history of literature as the great who sum up and embody the variations that are to last. The people who carry on the torch during the dark ages of a transition period are so many feelers, groping, often blindly, often with a strange access of light, towards "fresh Woods, and Pastures new." Many fall by the way, and they serve to make the road firmer for the tread of those who follow after.

Professor Saintsbury dates his *Origins* at 1100: he is probably right, for little is gained by giving the earlier, inflexional language and its alliterative poetry a greater importance in the history of English literature than it can justly claim.

Exactly [says Professor Saintsbury] how the islands may be dotted across the Behring Straits of 1000-1200 the philologist may be left to settle for himself. It is certain that between the poems of the Exeter Book, which roughly represent the further shore, and the work of Layamon, for instance, which represents the hither, a gulf is fixed, so far as we can judge, far mightier than that between the poems of perhaps seven centuries earlier and those of 1000, than, as we more or less know, that between the poems of seven actual centuries later and those of 1200. From the hither shore, therefore we begin, yet not without consideration of the further, or of the islands between, or of the possible assistances to communication.

The present volume, beginning with the "Ormulum" and a few fragments, of a date probably prior to 1210, discusses the productions of the thirteenth century, "The Owl and the Nightingale," the earlier Romances; devotes Book ii. to the fourteenth century (the curious revival of alliteration receiving ample justice); to Chaucer's and Gower's predecessors and contemporaries, what they had done metrically and what they left their masters to do; investigates, in Book iii., the Ballad literature and the Scottish poets of the fifteenth century, paying due obeisance to the Carol "I sing of a maiden," one of the masterpieces of English poetry; and, in Book iv., arrives at the turn of the tide, the incoming of Italian and Classical influence, the position of Spenser. There will be many knots to unravel in the two volumes that follow, volumes which we shall await with some impatience and curiosity, but the present instalment has convinced us that the whole subject is being dealt with in masterly fashion and we are confident that the remaining volumes will be worthy of their theme. For Professor Saintsbury has that quality which made Hazlitt one of the first of critics, he has *gusto*, he loves literature. You may disagree with him, you probably will, for he is nothing if not original; you may wish that he would not rely so ostentatiously on commas in the division of his sentences; you may desire a less frequent use of the parenthesis and, as Mark Twain would call it, the all-embracing king-parenthesis; but, when you have let the *advocatus diaboli* have his innings, there remains sufficient to place the writer of the volume under review in the front rank of English literary historians. Dismal though the word "Prosody" may sound in the ears of nine out of ten people, dismal as the science of political economy, we can promise an agreeable surprise to all readers

who possess any ear for music, any appreciation of form, in the story of English rhythm and metre here related. Nor is this brilliant result achieved at the expense of the supporters of opposing schools of thought. There is too much of the desire to score off your opponents in the critical writing of the day; especially among those who concern themselves with the Elizabethans is this evident; some portion of the fighting spirit of those days seems to stir the young blood of to-day, and Teutonic methods of bludgeoning your adversary prevail. Young critics might do worse than go through this "History of Prosody" as a text-book in the art of explaining their own views, without being discourteous to their adversaries. They would find therein that the work is placed first, that great personal labour is necessary before the possession of opinions can be justified, and that, though adversaries have to be met, it is always possible to salute before the attack. Even prize-fighters shake hands.

I thank God [says Professor Saintsbury, in a characteristic passage] for almost everything in English poetry that is good at all; but if I knew where the author of *Gamelyn* was buried, I should make a pilgrimage thither at the first opportunity, and go to the expense of an extra cake and candle according to the particular ritual that might suit the *genius loci*.

And later:

he [Robert of Gloucester] is only a promising pupil at a Terpsichorean Academy—the *Gamelyn* man could do "Liverpool lurch," or "Boston glide," or anything else you like, in open ball-room.

We quote these two passages in conclusion as an evidence of our contention that Professor Saintsbury has *gusto*, has life; he realises that English literature is a very real thing, that the still small voice of the carol, "I sing of a maiden," and the surge and thunder of war-lyric or ballad are as full of life to-day as when they made the pulses beat and the hearts throb of men who have lain for a century dead.

It is inexpressible [he says truly] what a joy . . . such an internal rhyme as "Under molde hi liggeth colde" gives one. The very bones of an Englishman under the cold mould itself ought to start and tremble at the hearing of them.

Last, let us express a hope that all "critical" and "eclectic" editors of texts will take to heart the following words, than which fewer more full of wisdom could be quoted:

a so-called "critical" text, with its pickings from this manuscript and that, or its reconstruction of a single one according to manufactured rules, may to some extent restore prosodic system, but will always be subject to the doubt whether it in the least resembles what the poet wrote.

As in the case of all books sent out for review by Messrs. Macmillan and Co., the title-page is defaced by the impression of an ugly stamp. It is an act of discourtesy to the person whose opinion they solicit unworthy of a great publishing house.

TWO POINTS OF VIEW

Studies in Architecture. By REGINALD BLOMFIELD, A.R.A. (Macmillan, 10s. net.)

Character of Renaissance Architecture. By CHARLES HERBERT MOORE, of Harvard. (Macmillan, 12s. 6d. net.)

AMONG the many acute and stimulating statements that Mr. Reginald Blomfield puts forward in his "Studies" is a reason for the often criticised lack of popularity of architecture in England. He finds the cause in the fact that writers have dealt with architecture here either as an affair of dates and technicalities or as a vehicle for moral disquisition, and he adds that the first method has little interest for the layman and the latter none at all for the artist. Having realised this truth, it will be readily understood that the accomplished historian of "Renaissance Architecture in England" gives us a book as interesting as it is sound. It will appeal to the cultivated general reader,

not because Mr. Blomfield is in any way superficial or condescends to the lay intelligence, but because out of the fulness of his knowledge and the sincerity of his desire he is enabled to lay before us the results of his own enthusiastic study and devoted work. For example, "A Hundred Years of the French Renaissance" is an essay dealing in a critical spirit with the most authentic French and English books on the subject published since, roughly, 1880. Here Mr. Blomfield permits us to follow him during his tour of inspection throughout the memorials of sixteenth-century French work. If we will, in exchange for his courtesy, allow him a shade of dogmatism and insistence, we shall find sure delight. The enthusiastic writer often fails to win the reader, but the author of "Studies in Architecture" is sufficiently skilful to thrust his point home and yet leave our old beliefs unharmed. After the essay on "Andrea Palladio" and the "Byzantium or Lombardy," which appeared in the *Quarterly*, follows one, likely to be welcome to the general reader, on the "Architect of Newgate," that is to say, the old prison that has just passed away, the most imaginative building in London. In this closely argued and well-considered paper Mr. Blomfield traces the probable influence that enabled a commonplace man like George Dance the younger to produce a design remarkably adjusted to its gloomy purpose. This "finest abstract expression of wall surface to be found in western architecture" has been held to be little more than a fluke in the art of building when the rest of Dance's work is considered. But the author doubts whether such fortuitous circumstance is possible in his profession and finds Dance's inspiration in that frequent source—Piranesi's work "La Magnificenza di Roma" in which the "Capricci di Carceri" provide a superabundance of such suggestion. Dance was in Rome when Piranesi was at the height of his fame, a student of his work and possibly his friend. But if the wall of Newgate was by no means an original piece of work we are none the less grateful to Dance for having transplanted an imaginative influence which our native architecture lacked even then, and needed still more at a later date, and might suffer gladly even in our own enlightened age.

Of other essays such as that on "Philibert de l'Orme" and the "Italians at Fontainebleau" we have only space to say that the reader will not find a dull moment in them. Throughout the book the drawings by Mr. Muirhead Bone, by Mr. Fulton and the author are unusually interesting and skilful; the photographs and reproductions informative and clear; the whole volume an intimate and pleasing series of studies of "the most intellectual and technical" and, we may add, at its highest, the most satisfying, of the arts.

In many ways an antithetical method to that of Mr. Blomfield is followed in Dr. Moore's work on "Renaissance Architecture." It inclines to be a matter of dates and technicalities and it by no means neglects the moral side; but it is, at the same time, an extremely clear and interesting account of a vast subject; authoritative, calm, instructive; an admirable handbook and book of reference. How different is his point of view from that of the author of the "Studies" is shown very distinctly by a momentary comparison of opinions on the well-known figures of nymphs by Goujon on what is now called the Fountain of the Innocents. Dr. Moore gives a reprint of Du Cerceau's engraving of the original design; Mr. Blomfield shows us photographs of the figures merely, as they now appear. The former says:

The sculptures by Goujon which adorn this structure have, in my judgment, no monumental qualities, nor any notable merits of design. Their movements are awkward, and their lines ill composed. The influence of the decadent Italian art is marked in them, without any new qualities that should entitle them to distinction.

Mr. Blomfield approaches in another manner:

The smile of La Gioconda is not more subtle and disquieting than those divinely beautiful nymphs on the Fontaine des Innocents. In both there seems some strange enchantment not found in the work of other men, some quality that makes peculiar appeal to sensitive

natures. Nothing could better attest the completeness of the French Renaissance than the fact that Goujon's genius was recognised at once. The permanence of his influence on French art is the most enduring tribute to his fame. . . .

It may sound pusillanimous and middle-aged, but there is no doubt that the truth lies somewhere between these two estimates. Jean Goujon's drawing rarely attains to attic beauty; but the elusive, alluring charm which Mr. Blomfield finds and compares with that of Monna Lisa, is there also.

A CONSERVATIVE VIEW OF ST. PAUL

The Testimony of St. Paul to Christ. Boyle Lectures 1903-5. By the Rev. R. J. KNOWLING, D.D., Canon of Durham, and Professor of Divinity in Durham University. (Hodder & Stoughton, 10s. 6d. net.)

OF Dr. Knowling's learning and ability there can be no question; he is, moreover, thoroughly well up in the latest results of criticism, and, although he apparently regards critics who are nothing but critics as opponents of Christianity, he usually states their opinions fairly. But his book is an example of that mixture of apologetic and criticism, so popular in England, which is known as "conservative criticism"—the term is frequently used by Dr. Knowling. A "conservative" critic must be something more or less than a mere critic; in practice he is an apologist who makes a limited use of the critical method. Dr. Knowling's position is clearly indicated by a remark that he makes (p. 295) in regard to the Abbé Loisy's opinion that certain words (Matt. xi. 25-27; Luke x. 21, 22) were not actually spoken by our Lord:

If this is the way to retain the Catholic Faith, viz., by giving up some of the most decisive sayings of our Lord about Himself and His relation to the Father, it may be a short and easy, but it is surely, none the less, a very precarious method.

M. Loisy, it is hardly necessary to say, does not "give up" this or any other passage in order to "retain the Catholic Faith," but for the more commonplace reason that the evidence, in his opinion, compels him to do so.

The first part of the book, which deals with the Pauline writings, is the best. Dr. Knowling sums up ably all that can be said in favour of his view that all are the writings of St. Paul (Hebrews, of course, is not in question), and, although his arguments do not remove the doubt attaching to Ephesians, Colossians and 2 Thessalonians—still less the greater objections to the authenticity of the Pastoral Epistles—they are in the main of a critical nature.

It is in the second and third parts that Dr. Knowling is revealed as the apologist with a very thin veneer of criticism. He will have none of the attribution to St. Paul of the first conception of the cosmic function of Christ; and he minimises consistently the part played by St. Paul as the pioneer of the Christian dogmatic system. At the same time he attributes to the apostle a developed belief in the Incarnation, an anachronism surpassed by the suggestion that there are "reminiscences of St. John's teaching [*i.e.*, of the fourth Gospel] in the Epistles of St. Paul" (p. 346). The latter resembles Mrs. Gallop's discovery of reminiscences of Pope's "Iliad" in Shakespeare. As might be expected, Dr. Knowling refuses to admit Pauline influence on the Synoptics, but his reasons for doing so have nothing to do with criticism. In regard to the accounts of the institution of the Eucharist—a typical case—he does not seem to have grasped the critical argument. No critic that we know of thinks that the recital in Mark, as we have it, is earlier than St. Paul's. It is improbable that any of the recitals represents the primitive tradition, but a comparison of the Synoptics with 1 Cor. xi. 23-26 suggests that the primitive tradition is to be traced in Luke xxii. 14-19, ending with the words: "This is my body." In any case, it is impossible to reconcile the four recitals as they stand;

and that of Luke, at any rate, is plainly a compilation, since it involves two administrations of the cup.

Another thesis of the author is that St. Paul does not in his writings ignore the earthly life of our Lord before the Crucifixion. Such a thesis naturally leads Dr. Knowling into strange conjectures. He finds an allusion to the Virgin Birth in the words "born [or made] of a woman" (Gal. iv. 4) on the authority of "many distinguished critics"; and, since the words "born [or made] of the seed of David" (Rom. i. 3) imply that Jesus was the son of Joseph, Dr. Knowling assures us that it is "maintained by many able writers that Mary as well as Joseph was of the house of David," though he ought to know that there is not a particle of evidence for that baseless tradition. He insists that St. Paul taught a phenomenal Ascension, though nothing is plainer than the fact that St. Paul knew of no "forty days" and that, for him, Christ "ascended above all the heavens" (if, indeed, the apostle himself wrote those words) by His resurrection. Dr. Knowling maintains that the empty tomb is "pre-supposed" in the statement that our Lord was buried and rose again, and ignores the plain fact that the whole argument of 1 Cor. xv. pre-supposes that our Lord's body passed through the natural process resulting from death, and falls to the ground if His resurrection differed from that of us all. It is open to Dr. Knowling to hold that St. Paul was mistaken or not informed on such points as these; it is futile to attempt a reconciliation between St. Paul's conception of the Resurrection to eternal life of a body of glory animated by the *pneuma*—not the body that was laid in the grave (1 Cor. xv. 37, 44)—and the later accounts of a physical Resurrection to an earthly life of forty days.

How restricted is Dr. Knowling's grasp of the critical method is shown by his treatment of the words (Matt. xi. 25-27; Luke x. 21, 22) already referred to. The great majority of critics naturally find in that passage the influence of St. Paul. To this view Dr. Knowling objects, as has been said, on apologetic grounds. And he actually adduces as an argument for the authenticity of these words the fact that they are "unlike anything else in the Synoptic Gospels!" We should like to know on what ground Dr. Knowling finds himself able to assert that these words "come to us in all reasonable probability from amongst the earliest materials which our evangelists possessed." Of course Dr. Knowling finds it "easy to believe" that St. Paul knew the words to have been spoken by our Lord. But he does not attempt to account for the omission from Mark of so important a saying from the "earliest materials."

PORTRAITURE

The Art of Portrait-Painting. By the Hon. JOHN COLLIER. (Cassell, 10s. 6d. net.)

THE art of portraiture will always be the most living and personal branch of the tree of painting, and is to-day the most flourishing and hopeful. We welcome, therefore, Mr. John Collier's book, in which he frankly scans his subject from say, the late Roman funeral portraits found in the Fayoum to that extraordinary example of animation and gaiety, which Mr. Sargent calls *A Vele Gonfie*. Historical; Aims and Methods of the Great Masters; the Practice of Portrait-Painting; are the three main divisions of the work, in which this conscientious and accomplished portrait-painter tells us those secrets of the prison houses of the artists' souls which he has discovered. No man of our day could write of his subjects more agreeably, sanely, or with more intimate knowledge, nor produce a volume so likely to gain the attention of the general public. Perhaps, to the sophisticated student, there may be certain glimpses of the obvious in the author's comments on the old masters in the historical section of the

work—but then there is always a new generation to whom notes on Rembrandt and Velasquez comes freshly, and we can only envy it so charming an initiation into a fascinating branch of study. When Mr. Collier comes to modern men—a field of criticism beset with pitfall and with gin—he confines himself to the British school, for the not very convincing reason that he believes the art of portraiture is in a much healthier state here than on the Continent. Whether we entirely agree with this statement or no, the result of this reticence is satisfactory, and the consideration of the work of contemporary painters always broad-minded, informing and just. Although Mr. Collier is endowed with a very catholic sense of appreciation, he is a candid friend; but, where he withholds the gifts of "praise, praise, praise," he produces good reasons—for example, the typical case of Whistler, or his views of Watts as a portrait-painter. We gather that Mr. Collier would not be quite in accord with Sir Joshua, when he said that in portraits the grace and the likeness consist more in the general air than in the exact similitude of every feature, and that he is for his pound of flesh and no mere suggestion. In this, as in most other of his conclusions, he will have the world on his side. The forty or more carefully reproduced portraits—some, and those not the most successful, in colour—give good examples of the art the author loves. The "Monna Lisa" is a fine reproduction, and Gainsborough's *Perdita* and the delightful picture by Mr. Sargent already mentioned, lose very little of their charm in these painstaking prints. The book is a cheery piece of criticism from beginning to end, and leaves the reader as optimistic as the author in regard to the future of portrait-painting.

GLEANINGS OR WINNOWINGS

Gleanings from Venetian History. By FRANCIS MARION CRAWFORD. Illustrations by JOSEPH PENNELL. 2 vols. (Macmillan, 21s. net.)

THE title which Mr. Crawford has chosen for his work is misleading. It suggests that he has followed in the steps of the professed historians, bringing to light things which they have failed to find or have neglected. Such, however, is not the task which has been undertaken in these volumes. They are not, it is true, addressed to the professor or to the earnest young student, to any one, in fact, who wishes for a complete history of Venice during the period which they cover—from the foundation to 1866. A process of selection has been employed to determine what should be included and what should be left out; but that process is more akin to the act of winnowing than to that of gleaning. Out of the vast mass of material before him Mr. Crawford has chosen those elements of Venetian history which make interesting and pleasant reading, and has passed over, as far as possible, all that is wearisome and hard to remember. The dry bones of political and constitutional history are studied as briefly as may be, receiving just that amount of attention which suffices to give continuity to the book, while full and interesting chapters are devoted to the more generally attractive aspects of history—personal anecdote, social life, manners and customs, festivals and pageants, religious institutions, workshops and prisons. In a word, those who have read and liked "Marietta," a historical novel describing the Murano glass-blowers, and the author's previous work on Italian history, "The Rulers of the South," will be neither surprised nor disappointed by this Venetian study. Mr. Pennell, too, is up to his best mark, and has contributed two hundred and twenty-five pretty but distracting illustrations which, beyond the fact that they represent bits of Venice, have little or nothing to do with the text which they adorn. Some day, perhaps, authors, artists and publishers will realise that text and illustrations alike would stand more chance of receiving a fair amount of attention if the illustrations were kept together, and placed, say, at

the end of each chapter or each volume, and not sprinkled at random through the text.

Mr. Crawford has for Venice that admiration which success generally commands, but he does not attempt to whitewash her methods or make excuses for her crimes. He is her apologist only in so far as he calls upon us to admire the great things which she accomplished, at a sacrifice of political morality and personal justice. He brings out effectively and clearly those qualities which made her successful, unique, enviable and often hateful. The wonderful continuity and organic development of the Venetian institutions, influenced so little by external forces, give to the Republic an individuality which no other state can show for a length of time at all comparable with the long life of Venice. And "like to its beginning is its end" may be well said of the Venetian constitution. We read how, on the brink of the Eighth Century, the family hatreds of the Tribunes, or island chiefs, came near to ruining the infant state, and how these families made common cause to envy and hate the first of the one hundred and twenty Doges; and in these quarrels and jealousies we can see the germs of the constitution and the passions which were to colour Venetian history for eleven hundred years. For it was out of the intense jealousy and mistrust which always existed between the families of the governing classes that there grew that unwieldy machinery, those innumerable magistracies, each of which was controlled and hindered in action by others, that system of official limitations and secret spying upon all who occupied prominent positions, in short, every form of over-complication, which led to the enfeebling and finally to the death of the State. But, as Mr. Crawford never tires of repeating, Venice succeeded where others failed: her system, founded on suspicion of every one and disbelief in all good, lasted longer than others and made her greater than other powers; and she died of old age, when the system was worn out.

AN EXTENSION GUIDE TO ATHENS

Primitive Athens as described by Thucydides. By JANE E. HARRISON. (Cambridge University Press, 7s. 6d.)

IN the fifteen years which have elapsed since Miss Jane Harrison published her commentary on Pausanias, enough has changed and enough has remained the same to justify her in bringing out a new book on what is practically the same subject. Dr. Dörpfeld, whose fresh discoveries and theories inspired Miss Harrison in her earlier book, may not have made many new discoveries, but he has fairly frequently altered his theories. New books have appeared in English, notably Dr. Frazer's large edition of Pausanias and Professor Gardner's well illustrated and popular guide to Ancient Athens. These are the principal changes; but two things remain the same. The first is Miss Harrison's enthusiasm for Dr. Dörpfeld's views and the second is the general opinion of British scholars. To his theories—at least to those which Dr. Dörpfeld still maintains—Miss Harrison preserves the unswerving loyalty of her enthusiastic youth. British scholars remain unconvinced, and although fifteen years of obstinate opposition might have damped her ardour Miss Harrison returns to the charge in a valiant attempt to storm the citadel.

While the obstinacy of scholars causes her to repeat some of her old arguments, the changes of fifteen years have obliged the author to alter the form of her book. She no longer makes the old Pausanias serve as a guide to the modern visitor, but taking a passage of Thucydides as her text she presents her complicated arguments in the form of a commentary upon it. In this procedure some may observe an effect of the lapse of time. During these fifteen years Miss Harrison has discarded archaeology and topography and has busied herself almost entirely with mythology. In that sphere no method of exposition is so

familiar as the elaborate attempt to prove a theory of a legend or a custom by means of a commentary on its details. By piling up argument on the separate items, a fallacious effect is produced as of a cumulative and constructive proof, and the cunning mythologist takes good care that the reader shall never be able to observe the construction in its entirety. Miss Harrison shows that the cunning topographer may make use of the same methods. She takes Thucydides's words piece by piece, and, by commenting upon each separately and adapting them to Dr. Dörpfeld's views, she would make the unwary reader believe that she has proved her case up to the hilt, while in reality she has not succeeded in doing more than exhibit perverse views of each separate detail.

The method is known to others besides mythologists. There was once a barrister who proved the innocence of a burglar by showing to the craftsmen in the jury each of the implements found upon him and obliging the jurymen to confess that they were ordinary tools. He did not spoil his argument by appealing to the judge to recognise the bag in which the tools were carried; because the bag was a brief bag, and however familiar a thing in itself, an unusual contrivance for carrying a miscellaneous assortment of tools. We are forcibly reminded of this story in reading Miss Harrison. Some of her identifications are plausible enough, others are improbable in themselves; but all of them become anything but persuasive when they are enwrapped in the brief-bag of Thucydides's text. It would have been wiser to leave Thucydides entirely on one side—he is only arguing and not stating facts and could therefore be disregarded with comparative safety—but unfortunately Miss Harrison is less acute than the barrister of the story. She not only exhibits the brief-bag, but makes it an integral part of her argument when other means of persuasion fail. Of course, in order to do this, she is bound to prove the brief-bag to be something totally different, but scholars as well as the occupants of the bench have eyes, and they can read Thucydides when they see the text.

For the rest, Miss Harrison uses the means of persuasion which are familiar to the lecturer. She rambles off into totally irrelevant disquisitions on mythology, she touches on matters of art and archaeology which have nothing to do with her argument, and she writes (or talks) in a chatty style with numerous confidential asides which are made to do duty for demonstration and steps in the argument. She illustrates her book with good plans and photographs, but apart from these it is hard to see what useful purpose it can serve. The book is scarcely intended for scholars, who are hard enough to persuade even when they are faced by a thorough discussion and are not put off with suspicious arguments (see especially the perversion of Strabo on p. 69) and the total suppression of the other side of the case. It can scarcely be intended to be a popular book, unless all the glory of Athens and all the noble works of the Athenians have ceased to interest the reading public. There is only a third class to whom the book can appeal; the class of those who study without depth and without imagination, who know works of art not by their charm and their merit, but by the theories which Germans and others have woven concerning their origin or attribution, and who are less familiar with the things themselves than with the names of the writers who have discussed them. Probably Miss Harrison's book is intended for these, and no doubt a new interest will be brought into the homes of a number of "extensionists" when they are told that "Nine Spouts" has been discovered, and that the sanctuaries of Zeus Olympios and Apollo Pythios were not placed where for centuries scholars have fondly imagined that Thucydides saw them. But Miss Harrison, if she believes in her case, might have sought with advantage to convince a worthier audience.

EUTHANASIA

STAR-LIT silence girdled the snowy places
Where my soul and I, keeping night-long vigil,
Saw a pale procession of spectre faces
Risen from Lethe.

Ghosts of love and friendship, and hopes that never
Passed the shining portals of El Dorado,
All the Might-have-beens of my vain endeavour
Weeping went by me.

Fear then gripped me close, for a voice like thunder
Shattered silence, trumpeting words I knew not
Till my soul—illuminated by Dawn's red wonder—
Whispered and told me.

Straightway all those grievous ones left their weeping,
Faded, star-like, at the behest of Morning;
So on me a peace beyond dreamless sleeping
Fell, soft as snow falls.

ANGELA GORDON.

GREEK AT THE UNIVERSITIES

CAMBRIDGE well deserves the best thanks and congratulations of all who have the real interests of education at heart. Last year's proposal to make Greek optional at the Little-go was lost by five hundred and seven votes in a poll of two thousand six hundred and eleven. The proposal which the Cambridge University Senate has now thrown out by seven hundred and forty seven votes to two hundred and forty-one was less sweeping, but more insidious. It aimed at the bifurcation of the B.A. degree into two degrees, one for letters and one for science, and gave to candidates for the latter an option between Greek and Latin. This suggestion recommended itself to many who were altogether opposed to making Greek optional at the Little-go. The *Times* of Friday, May 25, had a leader strongly supporting it and claiming for it the sanction of Professor Butcher's authority. But the less violent change would in the end have been equally fatal to the study of Greek. In pointing out this I would recur to some of the arguments put forward in the Conference of Headmasters in December 1890, when the proposal to make Greek optional in the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge was defeated by only two votes in a poll of sixty.

It was urged then by the advocates of the maintenance of Greek that, if the resolution brought forward by the headmaster of Harrow were carried, the study of Greek in England was doomed. This argument was met by the innovators with silent contempt or by improved declarations that "no one fears that Greek will cease to be studied in England," and that "Greek can take care of itself." It is curious that the very contrary of the last proposition was the utterance of one who was among the greatest ornaments of English scholarship. In 1873 George Grote declared his conviction that it was Latin and Greek which required to be fostered, that Greek would soon cease to be studied if it were made optional, and that the sciences would "take care of themselves."

For to make Greek optional for any class of students in the Universities would infallibly be to bring about a premature and excessive specialising even in the course of the boy's school training. If the question whether he would pursue a scientific or a classical career in the University be left to the boy, in the great majority of cases he will decide against Greek. The study of Grammar is distasteful to the beginner, however apt, though to the advanced student it is full of interest and affords a discipline of the reasoning faculties at least as good as that supplied by Euclid or logic. The boy will vote for *cotyledons* and *coelenterata*, and his master will have to explain—if, indeed, he knows himself—what these words mean, and that they were used by a people whose commerce and

manufactures were small, which had no Stock Exchange, and could not make "corners" in anything—which, therefore, can be of no use or interest for a lad who has to face the pressure of modern life and contend with "the struggling, eager crowds which beset every avenue to success." Specialising would begin at school, and in the course of a generation or two Greek would be in the position now occupied by Hebrew and Sanscrit, and the Greek masters in the public schools would have so little to do that they would be obliged to "double" the parts of instructors in (perhaps) writing or calisthenics.

No attempt has ever been made to show that the passman carries into his subsequent life from the University more mathematics or mental or natural philosophy than Greek. In this connection I may perhaps quote some words of my own on this subject from the *Quarterly Review* (343) of January 1891:

Let all subjects be optional, or let us have a reason why one subject should be optional rather than another. The truth is, the rank and file of examinees are not now capable, never were capable, and never will be capable, of attaining to a knowledge of Greek, Latin, German, trigonometry, mechanics, or any other branch of study, in the sense in which the term "knowledge" is understood by real scholars and savants. But that is no reason why the passman should not reap great and permanent advantage from being induced to pursue these studies to a certain point, which is in many cases as far as their intelligence will allow them to go. It has been urged by the innovators that "it would be difficult to find in Greek literature a passage which would not pluck at least half of the candidates if anything like a creditable, even a respectable translation were exacted." Would more than half the candidates in an examination in Natural Science display a knowledge which would seem to a master of the science creditable, or even respectable? Moreover, it is fair to call to mind that when a student is required to translate an unprepared piece of Greek, he is asked to show that he has a grasp of the principles of the language. A question of analogous difficulty in the sciences would "pluck" the whole class; but such questions are not put at pass-examinations in science. The point to be dwelt on is, that no attempt has been made to show that the passman carries away from the University a greater or more abiding knowledge of mathematics or mental or natural philosophy than of Greek, yet no one has proposed to make all these subjects optional.

There was a time when professed Latinists knew very little Greek. "Graecum est: non potest legi" is a comment often to be met in the schoolmen when a Greek expression occurs in a Latin text. There are now French and Italian Latinists who have but slight acquaintance with Greek. It is the boast of English scholarship that for more than two centuries Greek and Latin have been studied with equal success and reciprocal illumination. If Greek were ever put on a level with Hebrew and Sanscrit, and if the study of it were confined to a few specialists, even Latin would suffer. Fancy a Greekless Munro or Robinson Ellis, or a Professor of Latin with a third-class man's knowledge of Greek lecturing on Virgil, Plautus, Lucretius, or the philosophical works or the letters of Cicero.

For whose sake would this barbarising measure be passed? It is said that there were at the time of the Conference at Oxford in December 1890 over ten thousand boys at the public schools not learning Greek. It is alleged that many of these would be glad to have a University degree. But Dr. Selwyn of Uppingham writing to the *Times* of January 1, 1891, said:

I do not know or recollect a single such boy who would be (or have been) likely, under any circumstances, to go to either University.

The persons who would benefit by the revolution would be those who fancy that French or German or chemistry would supply a shorter road to professional success than Greek. But the language of Corneille and Schiller would be little more useful for practical professional needs than that of Pindar or Sophocles, even were we to put aside the question (too large to be entertained here) as to the true function of University teaching. The majority of those who would frequent the modernised University would be the sons of noblemen who look on the public school not as a source of instruction but as an indispensable part of a gentleman's career, the Fitzbattleaxes who

think Eton or Harrow, Oxford or Cambridge, as essential as baptism; or the sons of the Gorgius Midases, who send their sons to the place where there are the most "dooks." Such youths will not devote the time gained by the abolition of Greek to other subjects more congenial to them. They go to the University "to kick and knock balls about," to use the vigorous language of the late Professor Freeman, who strongly opposed the barbarisers.

It is better [said the same scholar] that a University should be small and poor but learned, than large and rich but unlearned.

Here is another weighty judgment from the same source:

I doubt whether it is possible for a University to keep up a subject as essential for those who are fit to profit by it, unless it is kept up as essential for all.

Opulent idlers and premature specialisers who believe in "bread and butter" knowledge and think that a University should be a technical school, are the only classes who would benefit by the proposed revolution.

I may, perhaps, be permitted in conclusion to quote a passage which is, no doubt, familiar to many—a tribute from the great prophet of Utilitarianism to the value of a training in Greek:

If [said John Stuart Mill in his address to the University of St. Andrews], as every one must see, the want of affinity of these studies to the modern mind is gradually lowering them in popular estimation, that is but a confirmation of the need of them, and renders it the more incumbent on those who have the power to do their utmost to prevent their decline.

ROBERT Y. TYRRELL.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE

SHAKESPEARE IN THE REMAINDER MARKET

A FEW years ago, just before the recent startling rise in the auction-prices of Shakespeare Quartos, I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of a German gentleman who had found, among the treasures of a library formed by a book-loving ancestor in the eighteenth century, a volume containing nine quarto plays with all of which Shakespeare's name has been connected. The library contained no other Shakespeariana with which these would range, and the owner wished therefore to take advantage of a brief visit to England to dispose of them to the best advantage. A note of the contents of his volume which he sent on in advance, while it showed that eight of his nine plays belonged to editions already well known, raised in me a wild hope that the ninth might be of an issue hitherto undescribed, and I awaited his arrival with all the more interest. Within an hour of his reaching London the little fat volume was in my hands, and as I took it out of its wrapping I felt as if my new acquaintance had brought an old friend with him, for on the plain brown calf cover I saw stamped in gold EDWARD GWYNNE, the name of a well-known seventeenth-century collector, who frequently marked his books in this way. There was no new Shakespeare quarto in the volume—the date in the otherwise flawless list was a mistake. But to find Edward Gwynne buying Shakespeare quartos consoled me for the loss of my anticipated new find.

The actual contents of the volume which had lain hid in a German library for nearly a century and a half were as follows:

(1) *The Whole Contention between the two Famous Houses, Lancaster and Yorke. With the Tragical ends of the good Duke Humfrey, Richard Duke of Yorke and King Henrie the sixt. Divided into two Parts: And newly corrected and enlarged.* Written by William Shakespeare, Gent. Printed at London, for T.P.

(2) *A Midsommer nights dreame. As it hath bene sundry times publicly acted, by the Right Honourable, the Lord Chamberlaine his servants.* Written by William Shakespeare. Printed by James Roberts, 1600.

(3) *The first part Of the true & honorable history, of the Life of Sir John Old-castle, the good Lord Cobham. As it hath bene lately acted by the Right Honorable the Earle of Nottingham Lord High Admirall of England, his Servants.* Written by William Shakespeare. London printed for T.P. 1600.

(4) *The excellent History of the Merchant of Venice. With the extreme cruelty of Shylocke the Iew towards the saide Merchant, in cutting a Iust pound of his flesh. And the obtaining of Portia by the choyse of three Caskets.* Written by W. Shakespeare. Printed by I. Roberts, 1600.

(5) *The Chronicle History of Henry the fift, with his battell fought at Agin Court in France. Together with ancient Pistoll. As it hath bene sundry times playd by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his Servants.* Printed for T.P. 1608.

(6) *M. William Shakespeare, His True Chronicle History of the life and death of King Lear, and his three Daughters. With the vnfortunate life of Edgar, sonne and heire to the Earle of Gloucester, and his sullen and assumed humour of Tom of Bedlam. As it was plaied before the Kings Maiesty at White-Hall, vppon S. Stephens night, in Christmas Hollidaies. By his Maiesties Servants, playing vsually at the Globe on the Banck-side.* Printed for Nathaniel Butter, 1608.

(7) *The Late, and much admired Play, called, Pericles, Prince of Tyre. With the true Relation of the whole History, adventures, and fortunes of the saide Prince.* Written by W. Shakespeare. Printed for T.P. 1619.

(8) *A Most pleasant and excellent conceited Comedy, of Sir Iohn Falstaffe, and the merry Wiues of Windsor. With the swaggering vaine of Ancient Pistoll, and Corporal Nym.* Written by W. Shakespeare. Printed for Arthur Johnson, 1619.

(9) *A Yorkshire Tragedie. Not so New, as Lamentable and True.* Written by W. Shakespeare. Printed for T.P. 1619.

It would, perhaps, have been more correct to have spoken of these quartos as eight in number rather than nine, as the undated issue of the *Whole Contention* which heads the list and the *Pericles* dated 1619 were printed together, and the signatures run on continuously, R-Z, etc., of *Pericles* following on A-Q. of the *Whole Contention*. In this volume, however, some pains seemed to have been taken to keep them apart.

My German acquaintance doubtless now regrets that he did not delay finding this pretty little nest of quartos for another two or three years. For though Mr. Quaritch gave him as nearly as possible three times the sum which his German advisers had led him to expect, the price he received compares badly with the £2086 which the copies of the same issues of the same plays fetched at Sotheby's last Saturday. Before it was taken to Mr. Quaritch, two great British collectors had the offer of the volume. When Mr. Quaritch bought it, he was not long in finding a customer on the other side of the Atlantic, and Edward Gwynne's book now rests in the fine collection of Shakespeariana founded by Mr. Marsden Perry at Providence, Rhode Island.

It is a pity that so few seventeenth-century bookbuyers put their names on their purchases, for it is only by virtue of an interesting jacket that an old volume of separate plays is likely to remain for long in its original condition. Few collectors can afford to purchase nine plays of which they already possess seven or eight and only lack one or two. It is thus to the advantage of every seller to break up the old volume, and the contents, once dispersed, may easily lose all power of telling their collective history. The occurrence of these same plays in the same editions in the volume recently broken up for sale last week struck me, however, as so singular that I could not believe it to be accidental. It is true that Mr. Hussey's volume was in a binding which could not be earlier than the middle of the eighteenth century, and that the plays were not arranged in the order of those belonging to Edward Gwynne, but as follows:

The Whole Contention. Pavier. [1619.]
A Yorkshire Tragedie. Pavier. 1619.
Henry the fift. Pavier. 1608.
Pericles. Pavier. 1619.
King Lear. Butter. 1608.
Midsommer Nights dreame. Roberts. 1600.
Merchant of Venice. Roberts. 1600.
Merry Wives of Windsor. Johnson. 1619.
Sir Iohn Oldcastle. Pavier, 1600.

On the other hand, the chances that two collectors, without any determining cause, had bound together precisely the same editions of these plays, without the admixture of any others, seemed very remote. Moreover, the dates of the editions on a little consideration seemed to yield a very plausible theory as to what the reason of their juxtaposition might have been. Reckoning them still as nine, we find that four belong to the year 1619, which brings us close to the date of the Folio of 1623. All the five others are much earlier, and for a moment it seemed difficult to explain why three plays of 1600 and two of 1608 should come thus cheek by jowl with others printed in 1619. There is, however, a striking point common to four out of five of these earlier issues—each of them is one of two editions printed in the same year. Besides the "Roberts" edition of the *Midsummer Night's Dream* and the *Merchant of Venice*, there are those which bear the names also of their respective publishers, Fisher and Heyes; besides the "Pavier" edition of *Sir John Oldcastle* there is that with the initials of V. S., i.e., Valentine Sims, as its printer on Pavier's behalf; besides the "Butter" edition of *King Lear*, there is that known to students as the "Pide Bull" edition, because in addition to Butter's name it gives the sign of his shop, the Pied Bull. Now, every publisher knows by sad experience that a first edition of a book may be exhausted so rapidly that to refuse to print a second seems a mere turning away good money, and yet when the second is printed only a few copies are sold. The demand which seemed so vigorous was really for only another hundred or two hundred copies, and if a second thousand, or even five hundred, are printed, the bulk of them become at once dead stock. It is dispiriting to think that this was the fate which befell the *Merchant of Venice*, the *Midsummer Night's Dream* and *King Lear*, and that Jacobean readers were so much less appreciative of *Henry V.* than their Elizabethan predecessors. But, if we are to account for these editions of 1600 and 1608 being bound up with other editions printed in 1619 otherwise than as an accident, we can only do so by supposing that they belonged to unsold stock, and that the news of the forthcoming folio of 1623 caused them to be thrown on the market as what we now call a "remainder."

Before we add Shakespeare to the list of "remaindered" authors, the theory of accidental coincidence in the contents of these two volumes must be disposed of. Now, it has already been noted that Gwynne's volume was bought by a German collector in the middle of the eighteenth century and that the binding of Mr. Hussey's belonged to the same date. Students will remember that it was in 1768 that Capell published his edition of Shakespeare's "Comedies, Histories and Tragedies, set out by himself in quarto, or by the players (his fellows) in folio," and it cannot be doubted that this (undue) exaltation of the quartos as set out by Shakespeare himself powerfully directed attention to them, and would cause copies to be searched for. On the other hand, as soon as a volume containing nine plays was found, the tendency, as we have noted, would be to break it up, and we have therefore only a few years in which to search for evidence of other volumes with the same contents. The most obvious person to have possessed one is Edward Capell himself, and thanks to the zealous and minute care with which Mr. W. W. Greg has catalogued the Capell collection at Trinity College, Cambridge, I feel as sure that he did as if I had seen the volume in his hands.

Most of Capell's Quartos seem to be fairly good copies, but among them all there are nine, and nine only, which attain the measurements $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and these nine are the same nine as we find in the Gwynne and the Hussey volumes. They are now bound in two volumes, which stand side by side as Q 11 and Q 12, the former containing five and the latter four plays, so that, despite rebinding, they may still be said to be kept together.

The discovery that Capell's copies of these nine plays were all of a size, and that an unusual one, sent me at once to the Garrick Plays at the British Museum, and

with the clue already given me I had no need to look for the titles on their backs. Within a couple of minutes I had picked out all nine plays from among their fellows simply by their height, and I think that there can be no doubt that David Garrick, like Edward Capell, purchased them in a volume and broke them up to suit his own convenience.

The evidence, then, which we have for these nine plays having once formed a single volume is:

(a) One copy, still united, with the name of a seventeenth-century collector on the cover;

(b) One copy in a binding of about the middle of the eighteenth century, only recently broken up;

(c) Two sets of the nine plays, of uniform and unusual size, traceable to the possession of eighteenth-century collectors, both of them known to have been in the habit of breaking up volumes and rebinding.

I shall be much obliged for any further notes as to copies of these plays which seem at any time to have been bound together. I hope, however, that I am not too sanguine in now assuming that their collocation in the Gwynne and Hussey volumes cannot have been fortuitous. If it be not fortuitous, I can imagine no other way in which it can have come about than that which I have already suggested. After the publication of the First Folio there could have been little object in bringing together a few single plays into a volume. The presence of the quartos of 1619 forbids us to assume any earlier date than this, and it seems probable that the editions of that year, having been allowed their chance individually, were bound up with the remainder stock of the 1600 and 1608 quartos some time in 1622, so as to get rid of them before the Folio appeared. Obviously Thomas Pavier was the prime mover in this device, as most of the editions were his. As to how possession was obtained of the other stock I can at present offer no suggestion. Probably the amount of it was not very large, or a collective title-page would have been printed, as was done more than once when various pamphlets by Gervase Markham had to be sold off in a like manner. I imagine that the separate quartos were stitched together in a paper wrapper, and continued in this form until collectors found them out, and bound them. For the plays themselves it was no bad luck. They were saved from the rough handling of the eager purchasers of the years when they still held the stage, and thus have come down to us in far finer condition than most of their fellows. On the other hand, that plays of Shakespeare should have remained unsold for nineteen years or more and then have been worked off in a made-up volume, in the company of others wrongly assigned to him, is surely a very curious and eloquent fact. Few authors enjoy seeing their precious works offered in second-hand catalogues for a small fraction of their original price. But, if I am right, there will be henceforth a consolation for the "Remaindered" even greater than the historic case of FitzGerald's "Omar." We can think of Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice* and *Midsummer Night's Dream* sold in this way after waiting nineteen years for purchasers, and sing consolingly to one another that excellent refrain from "When King Alfred was at Sherborne": "If you are feeling rather sore, HE went through it all before, And what can you expect?"

ALFRED W. POLLARD.

[Next week's *Causerie* will be "Science in Fiction," by A.

FICTION

Set in Authority. By MRS. EVERARD COTES (SARA JEANNETTE DUNCAN). (Constable, 6s.)

A NOVEL which is serious but not dull, philosophic but not dry, full of purpose but not one-sided, is so rare—and especially so among novels written by women—that Mrs. Everard Cotes's new book should be read carefully and intelligently, not tossed aside as soon as the reader

discovers that it is about India and the feasibility of carrying our beloved doctrines of Liberalism into practice in that strange land. Mr. Broadbent himself in *John Bull's Other Island* was not so doughty a champion of Liberal principles as Anthony Andover, Baron Thame, the Viceroy in Mrs. Cotes's novel. In one point, at any rate, he was determined that a favourite doctrine of Liberalism—the equality of all men and all races—should be made real and practical in India; and so, when a British private soldier is supposed to have murdered a native, the Viceroy overrides the decision of the Chief Commissioner of the district in which the murder is supposed to have taken place, and, in effect—though the gallows are never used—procures the condemnation of the soldier for murder. And, after all, there was no murder, and the man who is hounded to death by the Viceroy is innocent. A terrible comment on the application of the principles of our glorious Liberalism to other lands than our own! But we must not give a wrong idea of this novel. It is not a political object-lesson only. In with the politics is wound a story of men and women, of love and loss and hopes and fears, which displays a number of very cleverly drawn characters, whose thoughts and feelings are of deep interest. The soldier, by strange bonds that remain concealed till the very end, is united by close ties to the Viceroy himself—and the discovery adds pathos to the wretched muddle which everybody made of things. It is not a comforting or exhilarating story, but it is a clever, mature, and thoughtful piece of work that will increase Mrs. Cotes's already high reputation.

A Benedick in Arcady. By HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE. (Murray, 6s.)

THERE are certain books which strain life of its ugliness and turbulence and read like the fulfilment of a nice boy's day-dreams. Their effect is different at different times. Sometimes they fill the reader with a kind of cheap cynicism and an unreasoning hatred of their wholesomeness and their blatant, untrue cheerfulness: sometimes it is pleasant to wish, idiotically, that life was a pottering in a German garden or a summer in Arcady, and then they are mildly amusing and agreeably sad: the literary artifice tickles and pleases like a well-made Moselle-cup, and sleep soon brings the book to its proper climax. But strain life of its ugliness and you rob it of its interest, you lessen its poignant beauty. Rose spectacles shed a rosy tint, like the dreadful monotone of contentment. They put us in flagrant sympathy with those fellows who under the name of realists pry only into the slime on the easy edge of the deep river. . . . This is a great fuss about an omelette, as the French say. Mr. Sutcliffe has written a book simple in design and pleasant, if a little diffuse in execution. Benedick has returned from a honeymoon to his old house with its old garden and two old faithful retainers: his wife is a child whom he calls Babe. Here he smokes and thinks and smokes and lives: he sits under a lime-tree and writes a little: or goes for a walk with the Wanderer and meets a cross-grained farmer who is won over to offer them dinner and discloses a profound knowledge of birds; or he meets a blacksmith who quotes Homer in passages. Always on his return his little wife is waiting at the garden gate. In fact, the book is an idyll, and much better written than such idylls are wont to be. There is one kind of idealist who is able to turn away persistently from any unpleasant fact with a sort of happy knack: to this kind the author of this book belongs. There is another kind of idealist—and no less steadfast—who must see all facts and prays Heaven for the power to look a little beyond them and appreciate what is there.

From Paleolith to Motor-car; or Heasham Tales. By HARRY LOWERISON. (A. J. Whiten, and The Clarion Newspaper Co., 3s. 6d. net.)

Mr. LOWERISON has hit upon an ingenious idea, and carries it out admirably. In fourteen short stories he presents a panorama of the great epochs in the social and national life of this country in its evolution from the stone age to

the Victorian era. These "tales which are all true, and none of them is true," possess an interest for all readers, and a particular fascination for young people, for whose instruction they are primarily intended: no child could find history or science dull or dry in these pleasant pages. The first story, "Coo," gives us a vividly imaginative picture of the daily life of the brown, hairy people who came from the great plain where now lies the English Channel and settled down in the N.-W. corner of Norfolk. "Coo," "Inito's Axe," "Queena's Sacrifice" are exciting and moving little tales; the author, whose sentiments are humane but robust, does not despise realism as a means of arresting attention. Next follow in chronological order stories of Celt, Briton and Norman, of vassals and overlords, Cavaliers and Roundheads, of Nelson in Norfolk and at the siege of Calvi, and, last, a sketch of the life of a waif in London under modern conditions. Mr. Lowerison is a practical and scientific educationist, and has rarely used his store of knowledge to better purpose than in this volume. It is almost an ideal book for the object he had in view, original, informing, and picturesque.

Anthony Britten. By HERBERT MACILWAINE. (Constable, 6s.)

ANY plot or characters that there are in "Anthony Britten" depend almost entirely for their interest and effectiveness upon their setting. For this is not so much a novel in the ordinary acceptance of the term as a study of London life which Mr. Herbert Macilwaine has clothed in novel form. Anthony Britten, the rolling stone who returns home from Westralia with a fortune, to be driven away by the uncongenial atmosphere of his family, who have not the intuition of the practised novel-reader that Anthony in his ragged coat is a rich man, can hardly be described as an original type of hero. Still, the warm-hearted and uncouth Anthony takes a strong hold on our interest, and we are swept along with him as he probes the pretentious snobbery of his own family's life, as he is introduced to clubland, and, finally, as he goes slumming and meets with fighting parsons, beautiful society ladies and the rest of them. One character there is which appeals to us upon its own merits, and that is Polly, the overworked maid, who somehow or other seems to be connected with all the characters and is the pivot upon which the sentimental incidents of the plot turn. Regarded simply as a work of art, the book is rather crude for an author of Mr. Macilwaine's skill. It needs a Besant at his best to cram as much London life into a six-shilling novel as is here attempted, and we confess to wishing that the characters were a little less analytical and introspective and would allow us to share more in their conversations. The faults, in short, are easily felt, and yet the book is good, and we found in reading this novel a real pleasure which is completely absent from the perusal of many other works which, if more artistically constructed, are less virile and less earnest.

Amelia and the Doctor. By HORACE G. HUTCHINSON. (Smith, Elder, 6s.)

THE village of Barton is the pleasant scene of this pleasantly-written story. The characters are old favourites; the sweet maiden-lady, the grim old gentleman warrior, the Radical sceptical doctor, noble and good as the well-loved vicar, the proud lord, master of an icy courtesy—we know them all: with them we are on as familiar ground as with the incidents in which they figure: the typhus-case, the burglary, the marriage certificate in the old bureau. There is no jarring note of surprise or unpleasantness to mar the pretty tinkle of the story: it is as pleasing and unpretentious as the sound of a distant sheep-bell, heard as the evening draws in, on a moor: it has the same effect, through its very familiarity, upon the mind in gently stirring up the sentiments which bring for their own reasons a little lump to the throat: and finally—to stretch the metaphor to the limit of endurance—it bears much the same relation to art or literature as the sheep-bell does to music.

FINE ART

THE GERMAN EXHIBITIONS

"HERZLICHE ZUSAMMENWIRKUNG," these words, though not looking or sounding so pretty as "L'entente cordiale," are as near as I can get to its meaning in the German which was my native language but which has been sadly allowed to rust.

After the municipal and political "rapprochement," it is fitting that there should follow an artistic understanding between Germans and English, and the three Exhibitions at the Burlington Fine Arts Club, the Grafton Gallery and the Prince's Galleries afford a welcome opportunity for the study and comparison of ancient and modern German art.

I do not think it fantastic to find some characteristics common to the ancient and modern schools distinguishing them from those of other nations. German artists from the time of Hans Balding Grün, Altdorfer and Durer, have excelled in vigorous and expressive drawing, with a marked tendency to distortion and exaggeration, but the sense for colour is still, as it was in those days, the weakest element. The revivalists, Cornelius, Overbeck, and that great artist, Gustav Rethel, were draughtsmen first, and as draughtsmen Lenbach and Menzel will be chiefly recognised.

Knowing the circumstances in which the Exhibition at Prince's Galleries was organised, as an acknowledgment of the generous manner in which English and Scottish artists have been treated in German centres, we are chary of being over critical, but there is no doubt that putting all considerations of courtesy and hospitality aside, these two Exhibitions maintain a higher technical standard than the majority of our own. As was only to be expected, the artists who are "hervorragend" are Menzel and Lenbach, both recently deceased. We knew that Menzel was unrivalled as a draughtsman, but I did not realise that Lenbach was also greatly superior to any English artist in that respect. His economy of line and its delicacy and vigour are amazing. On the other hand, his colour, although usually pleasant, succeeds merely by being "safe," that is, the vague brown and grey juice which Old Masters sometimes acquire with years. When he drops this formula, and attempts something truer to nature, it is apt to become a saffron, stale sort of colour, not at all pleasing. Occasionally he got an exquisite quality, as in the portrait of *Frau von Lenbach and Marion* in Eastern dress, and his swift lightness of touch is admirably seen in the *Portrait of the artist with his daughter Gabriele, Virchow*, and the beautiful woman, *Frau Lolo von Lenbach*. A few veterans are also to be seen who maintain the skilful style of the past, Defregger, for instance, and Gabriel Max.

The latter's subjects are usually of the melodramatic and "queer" order. The picture of the *Deluge*—three apes watching the approaching flood in terror or resignation—is full of character and powerful technique. But on the whole the modern German is terribly up-to-date, and welcomes with eagerness the latest extravagances of Pointillist and Symbolist. Probably at no distant date Böcklin will be considered as "passé" as Kaulbach or Makart; at present his influence is disastrously evident in Benno Becker, Max Kuschel and Franz Stuck. German artists are unfortunately liable to be influenced by the inflated and pretentious. They are less conservative and timid than the English and less frank than the French, and when they fall there is no mistake about it. Fritz August von Kaulbach, who must not be confounded with the celebrated *ante bellum* Kaulbach, has some admirable works, *Child with Cherries*, the portrait of his father, like a very good Watts, and *Bacchante*. He is not always an artist perhaps, but a painter he is, to his finger-tips, and really this is becoming quite a rare thing in French, English and German art, in which we constantly find bold, thoughtful, or observant work, but seldom the instinctive and inevitable.

It is a pity that von Uhde, who was one of these born painters, should have made a speciality of scenes from the New Testament with surroundings of modern country life. Both sentiment and painting have become confused and muddled thereby. Some of the best works are intensely realistic—the cattle pieces of Zügel, very true and original in their notation of the purple and lilac nuances; the Sargent-esque *Mirror-Room* by Joseph Oppenheimer, perfect in its way; the *Winter Sun* of Hans Olde, like a weaker Monet; the passionate portrait of D'Andrade as Don Juan by Max Slevogt; the unflinching portrait of Prof. Diltthey by Reinhold Lepsius. *Flax Cleaning in Laren, Holland*, must be an earlier work by Max Liebermann; it is too big and prolix for his nervous and witty hand. The decorative piece by Adam Kunz is big, too, but is carried through in a big way, and the peacock, turkey, fruit, and flowers are gorgeous in the rich lacquer of the brush work.

Other excellent works are *Arabian Warriors*, by the late Faber du Faur, influenced, I should think, by Fromentin, the *Mid-day Hour* of Walther Georgi, which recalls William Stott, and the *Child with a Ball* of von Zumbusch.

The bogies of L'Art Nouveau are, I am thankful to say, being gradually eliminated: they threatened to overwhelm all sculpture, decoration and architecture in Germany. Max Klinger, most accomplished of artists, is still sometimes haunted by them, but his bronze, *Bathing*, gathers beauty in an unexpected way, as the figure is in an attitude which would seem to foretell nothing but ungainliness. Among the drawings are some of Menzel's beautiful studies, a *gouache* of the *Church of St. Francis, Überlingen*, by Gotthard Knehl, excellent; a queer etching by E. M. Geyger of *The First Man*, being nursed by apes, a most undarwinian proceeding, and some lurid and ghastly etchings by Käthe Kollwitz, the illustrator of Hauptmann's "Die Weber." Altogether these two exhibitions are the most interesting of all that are at present on view and are witnesses to a keenness and vigour which make our Academy and other bodies seem sluggish and timid by comparison.

B. S.

GAINSBOROUGH STUDIES AND DRAWINGS

OUR national disposition to put quantity before quality makes it easy for us to neglect smaller galleries when the mammoth art exhibitions are opening. Slowly and painfully we are learning to judge the importance of a painting by other criteria than its dimensions, but we have not yet lost the habit of thinking those exhibitions most worthy of consideration which contain the greatest number of exhibits.

There are many collections of pictures now open to the public of greater extent than the "Selections of Studies and Drawings by Thomas Gainsborough" at Messrs. Colnaghi's galleries (13 and 14 Pall Mall East); but few which, in the language of the guide-book, will better repay a visit. With the exception of *The Mushroom Gatherer*, an unfinished oil-painting with a yellowish brown, Orchardson-like colour-scheme, all these studies are of moderate size, but they show an extraordinary diversity of medium and treatment. There are admirable landscapes in black chalk, indian ink and sepia, vigorous sketches in coloured crayons like the *Spaniel Lying Down* (39), portrait studies in oils, rustic scenes in body and water-colour, and bewildering combinations of two, three, even four mediums—barbarous in theory, but at times wondrously effective in practice. There can, however, be no defence for even Gainsborough's varnishing of water-colour, which murders its fresh charm without bringing any compensating attraction. The loss of quality entailed by this process is obvious if we compare, say, the open hilly *Landscape* (85), sepia and body colour, varnished, on paper, with the more legitimate water-colour *Landscape* (57), in which a lady and gentleman are walking, and a horse is looking over a five-barred gate. The beauty and delicacy of the limpid

colour in this delicious sketch would be irretrievably marred by a coat of varnish. In other respects this drawing is remarkable for its modernity, the economy of means, and the brilliant modelling of the horse by a few deft brush-strokes. Nothing could be better fitted to bring home to the public that Gainsborough's art was essentially an art of suggestion rather than realisation, that it was his constant endeavour not so much to depict the anatomical construction of forms as to show how they appeared to him under the influence of light. It must be added that chalk studies of the *Blue Boy*, the *Duchess of Devonshire*, and of the *Mrs. Siddons* at the National Gallery are included in this most instructive selection.

MUSIC

GRIEG'S PIANO MUSIC

GRIEG has come and gone; at least his two concerts have been given, and, if they have raised no new subject for discussion, they have revived interest in an old one. They have given opportunity to the elders amongst us to indulge in reminiscences of his first visit to England, some to remember a little regretfully the promise of great things which he then seemed to give, many to tell how charmingly Madame Grieg interpreted his lyrics, all to find that the same characteristics which made his "Lyrische Stücke" welcome successors to the "Lieder ohne Worte" of Mendelssohn make them a relief from the splashy impressionism which belongs to the modern school of post-Liszt composers for the pianoforte. What those characteristics are and to what place they entitle him in musical literature are questions which the recent Grieg festival, if so it may be called, reawakens. They must be discussed now from a different standpoint from that of thirty years ago. We have the whole Grieg before us, for, though he should add another book of "Lyrische Stücke" or another group of songs or even a new violin sonata, it is not to be expected that he will break through the limits which have been those of a lifetime. Not only have we the whole Grieg, but we have had it for some time. A very small number of works represent him quite fairly and completely; we may almost say that the two concerts recently enjoyed at Queen's Hall more than represented him, in fact were to some extent tautologous. He has not developed. He had something to say at the beginning of his life and he has just gone on saying it, secure in the knowledge that it is worth saying because no one else could say it, for it is himself. When he began to make music, his music was quite new and people consequently said that it was ugly, but now that he has grown old, and his music with him, time has proved the contrary. What was taken for ugly newness is now the tame oldness of his music. The little turns of uncouth melody, employing over and over again the step of a semitone downwards followed by the leap of a major third in the same direction, strangely piled up harmonic discords and a love of crude-sounding fifths and sevenths—these are the things which made his elder contemporaries regard him as a dangerous revolutionary and now cause young critics alternately to sneer at and to patronise him. Grieg is by no means the only composer whose little tricks and mannerisms have gained him at first an unearned and evanescent popularity and afterwards robbed him of his due appreciation. It happened in a rather different way to Mendelssohn and, if I mistake not, there are at the present day certain composers of works which invariably crowd Queen's Hall or pay the expenses of a Three Choirs Festival, whose popularity will have to wane and die ere they can be properly understood. Grieg's popularity has not died—the audiences at both the concerts showed that plainly—but it has waned.

"Grieg does not seem to be played so much now as he was a few years ago," was the remark a lady lately made to me when she had just played one of his little

pieces really effectively and made a rather unintelligible muddle of a couple of Chopin Preludes. That was not entirely her fault; the piano was an old one and would not respond to her touch, and the pedal did not act well, so that the tone quality on which Chopin depends for his effect, was lost. But with Grieg this was of much less importance. A crisp touch, a feeling for the outlines of his well-defined phrases and a sense of rhythm were all that was necessary to let the music speak for itself. In this lies the secret of his success and of his real popularity, apart from that transient kind which is to be referred to his mannerisms. Here is his link with the classics. The old writers of instrumental music, Bach, Scarlatti, and even Mozart and Haydn to some extent, depended largely for their musical expression upon the exact rendering of what they had set down upon paper. Their beauty rests upon the shapes of their phrases and their relation to one another as influenced both by pitch and rhythm. With almost every modern school, however—and especially is this true of pianoforte music—almost one-half of the music is not set down at all; it demands qualities of tone for its due expression which the performer must supply either by his own instinct and experience of the methods of the composer he seeks to interpret, or by carefully following the precedents of acknowledged leaders in the matter of performance. Grieg takes a place with the old writers in this respect. A tone of melting beauty may enhance the charm of his melody or add a poignancy to his harmony, but they will have some effect without it. Seated at some distance from him while he played his solos at Queen's Hall the other day, I found not much sensuous beauty to be detected in his playing; his *forte* was rather impotent, and his *piano* excessively delicate, yet each little piece seemed more delightful than the last and drew forth unaffected enthusiasm from the audience. There is a life throb in his rhythm, an individuality in his melody, even when he repeats the same little figure a hundred times in as many bars, which gives to all his music the ring of genuineness, and the modern colour of his harmony is naturally to a modern audience no small ingredient in his popularity.

Grieg is, then, a democrat amongst composers in the sense that his music is what the average amateur both can play and cares to play. Unlike the great classics he has no thought too high for average comprehension, while like them he expresses himself instead of deputing the task to his interpreters. It has always to be borne in mind that the capacity of the average listener is far in advance of that of the average performer. The amateur, especially the lady amateur, loves to play Chopin, but the amateur listener does not love to hear her performance. But with Grieg the one is much better able to satisfy the other; granted the necessary technical ability to play the notes (in his shorter pieces his technique is so well suited to the instrument that this implies no very high standard), and sufficient musical appreciation to understand him, his music can be gracefully played without great refinement of tone in either player or instrument. The decay of domestic music is much talked of at the present day, and, in so far as the idea is true, probably the main cause is the fact that, while people's interest in music keeps pace with modern developments of the art, their performing ability does not. They cannot play the music which they most want to hear, and they resort to such unsatisfactory methods as concert-going, or, worst of all, to the pianola. Beethoven was the first to march boldly beyond the powers of the average home-player, and nearly all his successors have followed his example in their different ways, though what he did because of the need that was in him to express himself, they have often done for the sake of displaying the technique of the *virtuoso*. But Grieg, almost alone of modern writers, has, in virtue of the qualities which we have been discussing, written home-music rather than concert-music, and consequently among his contemporaries his genius is unique. If he is not played as frequently as he was a few years ago, it is

partly because the recital-giving pianist has discovered that he does not write for him, that others can and do enjoy his music without professional assistance; and drawing-room music to some extent reflects that of the concert-room. That he "stands high in all the people's hearts" is certain, and he has done a work which his contemporaries have neglected, so that a high and permanent position is assured to him, and where what is simple and sincere is valued his music will continue to be played and loved.

H. C. C.

FORTHCOMING BOOKS

MESSRS. MACMILLAN will publish shortly "The Garter Mission to Japan," by Lord Redesdale, who, as a member of the Diplomatic Service, has had a long experience of the Far East.—The same publishers announce that Sir Frederick Treves's "Dorset," in the Highways and Byways series will be published early in the month. Mr. Joseph Pennell is responsible for the illustrations.—Messrs. Macmillan have also almost ready Mr. George Wyndham's work on "Ronsard and La Pléiade." It opens with an essay on the famous sixteenth-century association of poets and scholars who called themselves "La Brigade" and afterwards "La Pléiade," in imitation of poets at the Court of Ptolemy Philadelphus. Mr. Wyndham's essay is followed by selections from the poetry of the Pléiade and their school, and the concluding portion of the book is devoted to translations from the various poets in the original metres.

Messrs. Methuen will issue early this month an important book by Edgumbe Staley on "The Guilds of Florence." Full details of her twenty-one Guilds—historical, industrial and political—are given, together with chapters on her commerce, markets, charities, etc. The illustrations, mostly from old manuscripts, are reproduced for the first time.—The same publishers have almost ready a book on "Beauties of the Seventeenth Century," by Allan Fea, with illustrations from portraits of Lely, Kneller, Cooper, Petitot, etc.; and a new volume in their excellent Connoisseur's Library—"Books with Coloured Illustrations," by Martin Hardie.

Messrs. J. M. Dent have three books of interest in the press: "Picturesque Brittany," by Mrs. A. G. Bell, illustrated in colour; "St. Bernardino of Siena," by P. Thureau Dangin, translated by Baroness von Hugel; and a new translation of Dante's "Vita Nuova."

Messrs. Macmillan and Co. have arranged to publish a work dealing mainly with the formalities necessary to secure protection for copyright and dramatic rights in all countries. It is well known that, owing to the failure to observe the prescribed conditions, valuable rights are frequently lost. The book, which has been written by Mr. W. Morris Colles and Mr. Harold Hardy, Barristers-at-law, will bear the title "Playright and Copyright in all Countries." It deals more fully than has previously been attempted with colonial and international law and the operation of the Berne Convention considered as incorporated into the domestic laws.

Of the Pentland edition of the works of R. L. Stevenson, four volumes will be ready in the middle of next October, and the complete set will be issued, it is expected, in a year from that date. Brief biographical notes will precede the various works. Unlike the Edinburgh edition, a uniform thickness in the volumes of the series will be maintained, and the binding will be in buckram, the covering with which Messrs. Chatto and Windus made readers and admirers of R.L.S. familiar. The edition is limited to one thousand five hundred copies, and Messrs. Cassell reserve the right to increase the price.

In our last issue we announced that Mr. Heinemann had in the press a complete edition of the Works of Henrik Ibsen. Some of the earliest translations of Ibsen's dramas were published by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin. In 1889

he brought out Mr. William Archer's version of "The Doll's House," the first complete rendering of the drama, though an earlier translation had been made by Miss Frances Lord, with the title of "Nora." Mr. Archer's translation, in the preparation of which assistance was given by Miss Janet Achurch and Mr. Charles Charrington, was issued in an edition de luxe, with photographs of some of the chief scenes in the play as produced at the Novelty Theatre. In 1889 Mr. Unwin published in his "Cameo Series" Miss Eleanor Marx-Aveling's translation of "The Lady from the Sea," and in 1891 Mr. F. Edmund Garrett's version of "Brand."

The host of Nature-lovers who have availed themselves of "The Wayside and Woodland" series of pocket handbooks to the wild flowers and trees of this country, will be glad to learn that Messrs. Frederick Warne and Co. announce for immediate publication a new volume in the series, dealing with "The Butterflies of the British Isles." Mr. Richard Smith, the editor of *The Entomologist*, is the author, and he has supplied a popular description and life-history of every native species, together with practical instructions in collecting and preserving the insects. There are coloured plates.

"The Cubs," by Shan F. Bullock, is the title of a new novel which Mr. Werner Laurie is about to issue. In this book Mr. Bullock studies not the Irish peasants as a class, but the Irish boy.

Messrs. T. C. and E. C. Jack announce that they intend to complete the issue of "The Century Bible." The volumes required to complete the series have been arranged for, and the first is in the press.

Mr. A. B. Todd, of Cumnock, Ayrshire, whose journalistic experience covers a period of over sixty years, who is one of the closest surviving links with Robert Burns, and the annalist as well as life-long champion of the Covenanters, has just seen the proof-sheets of his autobiography through the press. Mr. Todd has always "been a fighter": whatever cause he espoused it had his undivided and strenuous support. At intervals throughout his long life—he is now in his eighty-fifth year—Mr. Todd has written a good deal of verse, and his "Circling Years and other Poems" was widely noticed on its publication thirty odd years ago. Mr. Todd's father was only nine years younger than Burns, and the autobiography will contain reminiscences of the Scottish bard as he appeared to a contemporary. Mr. Todd is naturally a Burns enthusiast; and he had the honour of presiding at centenary celebrations both of the birth and death of Robert Burns.

CORRESPONDENCE

A RHYME TO PORRINGER

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Let us render to Cæsar what is due to him and no more. When I was a child, more than fifty years ago, I often read this rhyming doggerel, and have repeated it dozens of times in all, at intervals ever since, so have it rooted in my memory.

The version was:

The Duke of York a daughter had,
He gave the Prince of Orange her;
So there, my friend, two words I've got,
To rhyme with yours of Porringer.

It was put down to Swift, and appeared, I think, in *Chambers's Journal*—possibly in the "Trifles to smile at," of the original folio issue.

M. PATERSON.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The resemblance between one of Canon Ainger's *jeux d'esprit*, quoted in the ACADEMY of May 19, and an old Jacobite ditty of the eighteenth century tends to strengthen belief in the truth of the saying: "There is nothing new under the Sun."

Compare

The Princess Mary fain would wed,
They gave the Prince of Orange her,
And now it never can be said,
I've not a rhyme for porringer—

(Canon Ainger)

with the following:

Oh what's the rhyme to porringer
Ken ye the rhyme to porringer?
King James the Seventh had a dochter,
And he gaed her to an Oranger . . .

(Jacobite.)

EDMUND J. LUDLOW.

May 26.

CHURCH-GOING-BELL

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Cowper in his line—

"The sound of the church-going-bell" happily coined a new word, which should be printed with two hyphens as above. It is, however, always printed and perhaps originally written "church-going bell," as though it were an adjective and noun, and it is this that gives the sense of oddity that many people feel at first sight, who yet appreciate the beauty of the line.

H. S. BARCLAY.

May 27.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—My warmest thanks to your correspondent, A. L. Mayhew. In future I shall speak and write without hesitation of the "Parliament-speaking clock," the "battle-marching drum," and the "afternoon-tea-drinking gong." These phrases, I flatter myself, are not only, like Cowper's, "good and idiomatic English," but have a true epic and dramatic ring. Think what a magnificent effect would be produced by such a line as

"The resonant afternoon-tea drinking gong," if it occurred in an epic poem! I propose, in imitation of one of our great "dailies," to register it as "copyright in the United States."

A STUDENT OF LITERATURE.

THE WORD "ADOBE"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In reply to Mr. Platt, I would remind that gentleman that Arabic is now a very corrupt language, being largely superseded by Turkish; and the colloquial Arabic of Egypt is as Americanese compared to English.

The only vocabulary I have just now access to, quotes *ajorr* for "brick," which must be genuine, as it compares so readily with the Assyrian *agurru* for "fire-baked brick; while *igru* is to enclose, testifying to its purpose in building.

Now, the proper word for brick in Spanish is *ladrillo*, probably connected with the Latin "later coctilis" or burned brick; just as *adobe* represents the unbaked article. On the general question Mr. Platt seems inclined to separate the Spanish *adobar* "to dress up," from the Italian *addobbare* "to deck, to adorn"; and the French *adouber* "to mend, to repair"; all of which words are inseparably connected with the Latin *adobare*, as I have shown.

A. HALL.

May 26.

WIT, versus WHITE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The season of Pentecost represents the Jewish "feast of weeks," called the *haj-Sebuoth*, which occurred seven full weeks after Passover; so it ended on a Sabbath, inclusive. New 7×7 = 49; thus it was the 50th day, called in Greek *pentekostos*, falling on our Sunday, the Jewish first day of the week.

It was originally observed for one day only, so the true Pentecost is our Wit-Sunday; so called from the outpouring of the spirit; see Acts ii., when the Apostles spoke with tongues. Our "wit" is from the A.S. *witan*, to know, as in the "witenagemote," a meeting of wise-men. But in later times the celebration of Pentecost was lengthened, and we have a Monday, a Tuesday in what is called Whit-Sun week, from a different association of ideas.

The fact is that this period, ecclesiastically, was selected for a sort of purification and the examinees were clothed in white, thus the old Wit-Sunday became *dominicus in albo* or a sort of White-Sunday. Here poor letter "h" is in conflict, and professional dictionary-makers take sides; we might choose for ourselves, but the arbitrary printer steps in and insists on uniformity: as with the spelling of our great dramatist's name, from Shakspar to Shakespeare, with different meanings.

A. HALL.

A SUGGESTED EMENDATION IN HAMLET

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—As you frequently open your columns to questions of words and readings, may I ask you to extend your hospitality to the following suggestion for the emendation of a passage in Shakespeare's *Hamlet*?

The reading of the passage in question, as found in the earliest quartos, and retained, with variations, in subsequent editions is as follows;

"the dram of eale
doth all the noble substance of a doubt
to his own scandal"

which is of course nonsense.

Hamlet has been enlarging on the fact that one particular defect—"vicious mole of nature"—often entails discredit upon the whole character of the man. He has glanced at the "little leaven that leaveneth the whole lump," and now borrows a metaphor from the balance.

The crux of the passage lies in the words "of a doubt." We want here a word signifying to "bring down" to "debase." And such a word I think Shakespeare himself supplies.

The verb to "lout" is common enough in the sense (intrans.), *cf.*, to "bend to the earth," to "lout low"; Shakespeare, however, uses it in a trans. and (what is more to our point) figurative sense, in *1. Hen. vi.* iv. 3, where we find: "I am louted by a traitor villain," meaning, by my inability to help Talbot, owing to the traitor Somerset breaking faith with me, I am regarded as a "lout," a fool; in a word "I am discredited."

Again we find the word to "lout" used in this same sense of to "debase" in the "Mirror for Magistrates," p. 303, as quoted by Nares, in a passage describing the twofold operation of Fortune:

"Whom double Fortune lifted up or louted,"

i.e., raised and lowered.

I would suggest then that the passage in *Hamlet* should read

"The dram of evil
Doth all the noble substance often lout
To his own scandal,"

i.e., the little particle (dram) of evil in a man often lowers his (in the main) noble character to his general disparagement.

REGINALD GEARE, B.A.

Lansdowne School, Croydon,

May 28.

BOOKS RECEIVED

ART.

- Leigh, R. A. Austen. *Bygone Eton*. Being a collection of historical views of the Buildings at Eton College, with descriptive notes. Re-issue. 15×11½. Plates xlvii. Eton College: Spottiswoode & Co. 21s. net.
- Bericht der Kommission zur Erhaltung der Kunstdenkmäler in Königreich Sachsen. Tätigkeit in den Jahren 1903, 1904 und 1905.* 10½×6½. Pp. 130. Illustrated. Dresden: Meinhold, n.p.
- Royal Academy Pictures, Parts i. ii. iii. and iv. (complete in five parts).* 12½×9½. Cassell, 7d. net each.
- 1906 Illustrated Catalogue of the Paris Salon.* Containing reproductions in facsimile after the original drawings of the artists. 9×5½. Pp. 223. Chatto & Windus, 3s.

CLASSICS.

- The Annals of Tacitus.* Books I. to VI. Translated by Aubrey V. Symonds. New Classical Library. 7½×4½. Pp. xiii. 29s. Swan Sonnenschein, 3s. 6d. net.
- Gruppe, Dr. O. *Griechische Mythologie und Religionsgeschichte.* Zweiter Band. 10×6½. Pp. viii, 771. Handbuch der klassischen Altertumswissenschaft V. ii, 2, 3. München: Beck; London: Williams & Norgate, M. 15.
- [This volume concludes Professor Dr. Gruppe's work. It contains also the Preface, Contents, Errata, etc. to vol. i., and has an Index to both volumes.]

EDUCATION.

- Buletinul Oficial al Ministerului Cultelor si Instructiunii Publice.* Nos 242-253, April 1905—March 1906. Each 9½×6½. Bucharest: Gölbi.

FICTION.

- Mitford, Bertram. *Harley Greenoak's Charge.* 7½×5. Pp. 353. Chatto & Windus, 6s.
- Inchbold, A. C. *Phantasma.* 7½×5½. Pp. 376. Blackwood, 6s.
- Wood, Montagu. *A Tangled I.* 8×5½. Pp. 228. E. Grant Richards, 6s.
- Herring, Paul. *The Magic of Miss Aladdin.* A humorous romance. Illustrations by Penrhyn Stanlaws. 8×5. Pp. 313. Ward, Lock, 6s.
- Calthrop, Dion Clayton. *King Peter.* 7½×5. Pp. 338. Duckworth, 6s.
- Griffith, Major Arthur. *The House in Spring Gardens.* 7½×5. Pp. 306. Eveleigh Nash, 6s.
- Tilton, Dwight. *The Golden Greyhound.* 7½×5½. Pp. 366. Dean, 6s.
- Pierce, Ernest Frederic. *The Traveller's Joy.* 8×5½. Pp. 296. Bristol: Arrowsmith, 3s. 6d.
- Grosvenor, Caroline. *The Bands of Orion.* 7½×5. Pp. 332. Heinemann, 6s.
- Tynan, Katharine. *The Adventures of Alicia.* 7½×5. Pp. 311. White, 6s.
- Howard, Keble. *The Old Game.* 6½×5. Pp. 168. Hodder & Stoughton, 1s. 1d.
- [Short stories.]
- Pain, Barry. *Robinson Crusoe's Return.* 6½×5. Pp. 168. Hodder & Stoughton, 1s. net.

HISTORY.

- Fraser, Edward. *The Enemy at Trafalgar.* An account of the battle from eye-witnesses' narratives, and letters and despatches from the French and Spanish fleets. Illustrated. 9½×6. Pp. xviii, 436. Hodder & Stoughton 16s. net.

Davey, Richard. *The Pageant of London*. Forty-five illustrations in colour by John Fulleylove. In two vols. Vol. i.—B.C. 40 to 1500 A.D. Vol. ii.—1500 A.D. to 1900. 9 x 5½. Pp. xxiv, 429 and 649. Methuen, 15s. net.

[The proceeds of the sale of this book are for the sick and poor of Eleanis.]

Whish, C. W. *Reflections on Some Leading Facts and Ideas of History*: their meaning and interest. Preliminary volume, with chart. 8½ x 5½. Pp. 246. Guildford: Billing, n.p.

LITERATURE

Rickett, Arthur. *Personal Forces in Modern Literature*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 228. Dent, 3s. net.

[Contents:—The Moralist: Cardinal Newman; James Martineau. The Scientist: Thomas Henry Huxley. The Poet: William Wordsworth; Keats and Rossetti. The Vagabond: William Hazlitt; Thomas de Quincey. Bibliographical guide and index.]

Duff, David. *An Exposition of Browning's "Sordello"*. With historical and other notes. 9 x 5½. Pp. xx, 324. Blackwood, 10s. 6d. net.

de la Grasserie, Raoul. *De la Catégorie du Genre*. 7½ x 4½. Pp. v, 256. Paris: Leroux. Etudes de Linguistique et de Psychologie, 6f.

[A theoretical and experimental study of gender in language under three heads: (i) the conception of gender, (ii) its expression, (iii) its grammatical function. M. de la Grasserie divides gender into three kinds, subjective, objective, and artificial.]

Fitz-Gerald, John D. *Versification of the Cuaderna Via as found in Berceo's Vida de Santo Domingo de Silos*. 10 x 6½. Pp. xiii, 112. New York: Columbia University Press. London: Macmillan. Studies in Romance, Philology and Literature. n.p.

[Contains two facsimiles of manuscripts of the poem at Madrid.]

MISCELLANEOUS.

English Folk-Songs for Schools. Collected and arranged by S. Baring Gould and Cecil J. Sharp. 11 x 7½. Pp. 105. Curwen.

Quiller-Couch, A. T. *From a Cornish Window*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 367. Bristol: Arrowsmith, 6s.

Traveller's Joy. An anthology. Compiled by W. G. Waters. 6½ x 4. Pp. 319. E. Grant Richards, 4s. net.

Adcock, A. St. John. *London from the Top of a Bus*. How to see London for 1s. Forty-seven illustrations by Henry Irving. 9 x 6. Pp. 106. Hodder & Stoughton, 1s. net.

The Statesman's Year-Book. Statistical and Historical Annual of the States of the World for the Year 1906. Edited by J. Scott Keltie, with the assistance of I. P. A. Renwick. Forty-third annual publication. Revised after Official Returns. 7½ x 5. Pp. 1604. Macmillan, 10s. 6d. net.

Whates, H. R. *Canada: the New Nation*. A book for the settler, the emigrant, and the politician. Illustrated. 7½ x 5½. Pp. xiii, 284. Dent, 3s. 6d. net.

[In two parts: (1) The Emigrant in Canada; and (2) An Analysis of Canadian thought. In the first part Mr. Whates has drawn freely upon his letters to the *Standard*, as a representative of which he visited Canada. His aim is to "encourage carefully selected emigration and the emigration of hardy young men with some capital, much intelligence and determination of character"; but Canada, he points out, is no place for the physically deficient.]

Levy, Oscar. *The Revival of Aristocracy*. Translated by Leonard A. Magnus. 7½ x 5. Pp. xvi, 119. Probsthain, 3s. 6d. net.

Power, John O'Connor. *The Making of an Orator*. With examples from great masterpieces of ancient and modern eloquence. 7½ x 5. Pp. 305. Methuen, 6s.

Huggins, Sir William. *The Royal Society, or Science in the State and in the Schools*. Twenty-five illustrations. 10½ x 7½. Pp. xv, 131. Methuen, 4s. 6d. net.

[Selections from four presidential addresses.]

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